THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1882. NUMBER 47.

Truth.

He who has the truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman—
He at best is but a slave.

He who bears the truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man!

—*William D. Gallagher.*

The Comet.

The comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specter of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs turn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail.

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube,
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream, the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine.

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warning back,
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And every now and then he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like waterspouts
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! Oh, fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still;
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill.
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh spare thy evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A STRANGE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."

So sang a clear voice, with more of nature than cultivation in it. Perhaps there was more of conviction and acquiescence in it than of music.

Whether there be such a thing as "luck" or not, it is certain that careless Guy Crawford had found life very good and the world very pleasant while taking "whatever the gods had sent" him.

The scene was scarcely calculated to stimulate one to musical efforts. Overhead were the wet and drooping branches of the trees, under foot the soaked soil, and all around the dreary moan of the rain-laden wind.

The rain had fallen all day long in an almost silent torrent. As evening came on it had lessened a little, while the wind had increased in power. The world seemed now one dreary, vacant realm of night and storm.

But Guy Crawford, wet and weary, cold and in darkness, alone and lost, tramped sturdily on; and as he pressed forward he sang, over and over again:

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."

Guy Crawford had left the little railroad station at noon. He expected his friend there to meet him, but he had been disappointed. Asking the station-master for directions he set out on foot for his destination.

It involved walking twenty miles; but he said to himself that he liked walking.

It rained; but rain was better than heat and dust.

Guy Crawford readily met each objection which came up in his mind. His friend would send for his baggage, he said to himself; his friend could lend him dry clothes when he arrived; his friend would have a warm welcome for him.

Guy would have laughed at being thought more than a moderately sensible young man. But the man who let the brighter features of his past and the dearer hopes of his future shut down so near together in his mind as to make the present almost unreal, was a philosopher, whether he knew it or not.

When night had fallen Crawford realized that he was lost. He believed it might be midnight now; he could only dimly discern objects about him; he had not seen a human face or a human habitation for hours.

But he sang, nevertheless, as we have said, and in the song one side of his character stood fully revealed. Guy Crawford would take life cheerfully as it came. He would not pause in a course which opened before him because of doubts as to the end of it all.

But, despite the debonair way in which he sang of putting scruples to an end, there was a strong undercurrent of principle and honor in the course of this man's life, for all the manifold ebbs and flows on the surface—ebbs and flows which ran to and fro with the varying impulses of circumstances, or fate.

Guy Crawford would have thought of no alternative. He would have said "fate" at once.

He sang the three lines over again; then muttered to himself:

"That's all right; but it is a very natural thing for one to ask himself why in the world Clinton was not at the station?"

Down the rainy gale ran his voice again:

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting—"

"Stop your noise!" said a harsh voice at his elbow, and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. "Stop your noise."

Something else touched his forehead; he could not see what it was. His impulse to fight was conquered by its contact, however, for he guessed that it was the muzzle of a revolver.

"Bring a lantern!" said the man who had captured Guy; and a light was produced almost immediately.

But little was visible. The raindrops on the branches shone in the light, and, having hung for a moment in brightness, dropped one by one into the blackness; trees and a fence near by stood half-outlined.

There were several horses tied to the fence—horses which looked spectral and shadowy as Guy saw them. In the center of the lighted space there were two men besides Guy. Both were evidently disguised and both were heavily armed.

"Come on," said both of them in a breath to Guy; and one of them added: "Don't you dare to make a noise above a whisper."

The light went out; a hand rested in anything but a gentle manner on each shoulder, and the philosophical singer was hurried away by his two strange captors.

Guy Crawford was not frightened; he was surprised and startled, but not frightened. He had little money with him, no valuable jewels, only an old watch, no papers. Robbery would be nothing to him.

He didn't exactly welcome the curious episode in which he was taking an involuntary part; but he thought of it in wonder, instead of fear.

The line he had been singing ran through his mind—"Then to take whatever the gods may send"—and the full force of his position, regarded as a ludicrous comment on the sentiment it expressed, burst upon him. To have saved his life he couldn't have helped it—he laughed out loud!

"You infernal fool!" hissed one of the men in his ear. "This isn't funny, even if you think so."

"I know it," answered Guy; "it's a very solemn and serious affair. But why don't you take my money and watch at once, and let me go?"

"We don't want your money and watch, man! We've money and watches enough, without going hunting for them on such a night as this. What we want is a man. We want you!"

They walked for a while in a comparatively open road; they turned aside into a narrow path later. At length they climbed a stile and entered an inclosure.

The dim light of the stormy night was enough to show white and indistinct masses here and there. Guy recognized them as monuments and headstones. They had entered a cemetery.

A walk of a quarter of an hour—really that, but seemingly longer—had carried them into what Guy felt was a particularly desolate and retired part of this desolate and retired place.

They made a turn in an avenue which was closely hedged with evergreen, and a strange scene lay before them.

A half-dozen lanterns stood on the ground or hung from the trees. In the space thus lighted a group of six men and one woman stood near a large and handsome monument. The woman was wrapped in a long cloak and was heavily veiled. Her arms were bound to her sides.

She stood in a dejected attitude, leaning against the monument. Guy Crawford could believe she was crying from the way her head was bent; but her face was concealed from even the slightest view.

One old gray-haired man, with a frightened face, stood near her; his hands, too, were bound. The rest of the men were free, were disguised, some of them with masks, and were as well-armed as the two who had captured Guy.

One of the captors held Guy Crawford, while the other stepped across the lighted space to the man who seemed to be the chief. The leader made an impatient movement, and said something in a tone so low that no one but the men to whom he spoke could hear it. He was evidently angry.

The man answered in a louder tone:

"Not the right man? How was I to know? I wouldn't have supposed more than one man would be tramping about the country on such a night except he was well paid for it. This fellow came along shouting some nonsense about 'taking what the gods sent,' and we took him at his word, you see, and took him."

The leader laughed—a low, stifled laugh it was; a laugh that was shut in by the disguise which covered his face—but it showed that something had pleased him.

He spoke again, and as low as before; and the impatient man with him answered:

"He'll do, you say? I should hope so. Why, I wouldn't go hunting through this black night for another one for tiwce the pay you offer!"

The leader spoke again and the man before him nodded and turned away. He spoke loud enough for all to hear: "Whoever fails to do what he is ordered to-night will not have a chance to disobey orders again in this world!"

To the woman he said:

"You know this place? It is your father's grave."

Her head was bowed and remained bent lower than before.

He turned to the old man.

"You know the girl? You preached at his funeral who lies here."

"I know her. I knew him. You are right," he said.

* * * * * *

Morning again. Rain still falling, but a break in the clouds low down in the eastern sky almost lets the sunlight through.

The party who have made the past night a mystery are mounted now—all but Guy Crawford. The two captives are captives still—he alone is free. The one who has been spokesman during the night turns to him as they are ready to move off.

"As our way lies east this morning, yours lies west. You may go first. Never cross the path of any of us again, and be thankful in what the gods sent you last night there was hope for you. Be thankful for life this morning."

CHAPTER II.

It is a beautiful morning. Fall has come, but it is not late. Many summer tourists will linger at mountain and ocean for weeks yet.

A young man walks along a narrow strip of sand. At his right is the ocean, smooth as the summer sea, free from the buffeting hands of the storm, ever becomes. At his left is a low line of cliffs, high in some places. They are scarcely more than twenty feet opposite him.

We have thus far had only the merest glimpse of this man. Looking at him now, we see that he is young and strong, handsome and noble-looking, and with one paradox written on his mobile face—a puzzled look of care in the midst of a carelessness which nature gave him when she endowed him with the characteristics which make him what he is.

We have heard more of him in the past than we have seen of him. Let us listen now. He is singing, a little more thoughtfully perhaps than when we heard him something more than a year ago, but much the same as then:

"Then take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my—

"Goodness gracious!"

The climax was not unnatural when one considers the cause. A lady had ventured too near the edge of the cliff, and went over just as he came opposite her.

Although steep the cliffs were not perpendicular, and Guy sprang forward and helped break the fall by catching the young lady in his arms.

She was unconscious when he caught her, but recovered enough to smile her thanks to him, and to present the three young men who climbed hurriedly down to the beach to her aid as her three cousins.

Guy had done little—except act on the precept embodied in his favorite song—for the lady would have fallen on the sand but for him, and had already escaped the danger of the rocks on the way down.

She had, however, or affected to have, a great deal of gratitude, and Guy Crawford always found a smile of welcome for him when he sought her side.

To be with her became a habit, a joy, a part of his very life.

The three cousins might look coldly at him; he never knew it. The woman might be more than kind to him; he never guessed it. His own heart might have startled his intelligence, but he never questioned it.

Never any of these, until he stood one night with a telegram from his employers in his hand. His vacation, which was to have lasted for a month longer, must close. He had only one more day to remain.

In the light of coming parting he knew it all at last.

"I cannot go," he said; "I cannot leave her! But I must."

He thought a little; then he said:

"If I had only known I should have gone long ago. For her peace and mine I should have gone. I see it now."

* * * * * *

Miss Maude Walton waited longer than usual that evening for the customary invitation for a walk along the beach.

Guy Crawford felt that farewell must be short, and he knew that, in honesty, it must be hard.

Together in the moonlight night they walked along the sands. The gravest crisis in their lives stood before them.

He could not know how much of life and happiness lay within the reach of his hand if he put it forth in truth and honor. He could not guess how much the woman before him would shut back behind her lips and never utter, though the silence slew her heart, if a coward and a traitor sought what she might say.

"I am going away to-morrow. I have received a telegram which makes it imperative."

"Yes," she answered, with much the look that a heathen priestess might wear who found a flaw in the idol she served.

But a look of faith in his truth came back to her face as he continued:

"Yes, I am going; I ought to have gone before. I never knew—God help me!—until to-night that I loved you. I have been blind to my own heart. I must tell you I love you—I do; but we can never be more than friends."

"You have not asked me to give you any hope."

"No—nor shall I. I have no right to do so."

"A true woman would never let a lack of wealth deter her."

"I know it."

"I refused each of my cousins today."

"I am sorry. Since I can never win you for my wife I wish some noble man the good fortune which cannot be mine."

"One of my cousins is not a good man. One of them is as great a scoundrel as ever lived."

"You should find some little excuse for him in the fact that he loves you. No man can be wholly bad who truly loves a good woman."

"He doesn't love me. He merely pretends he does."

"Merely pretends. I don't understand."

"I'll explain to you. I have a small fortune from an aunt; but my father's fortune was left with strange conditions. He loved my cousins almost as well as he did me. He wanted me to marry one of them, but did not care to say which one. If his wishes were carried out I was to have half his fortune and each of my cousins a sixth. Unless I marry one of them I lose my share, and it will be divided among them. Unless each asks me except for the reason that I am already engaged to one of the others, he loses his share, to be divided among the rest. Two of these men love me. One does not. But my share of half a million dollars would be a temptation to any scoundrel, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps so. I can scarcely say how low a man might fall. Which one is it?"

A look of puzzled horror settled down on her face.

"I don't know which one and I never shall," she said.

"What do you mean?"

He came a step nearer.

"Tell me why you have not asked me to be your wife, while you still say you love me, and I will tell you."

"You will not believe me. You will think I am a mere trifler."

"Tell me the truth, no matter how strange it is."

"Well, I will. Somewhere in the world I have a wife living. I never saw her, I never expect to know her. I married her one night at her father's grave, with a revolver at my head. She was closely veiled. My captors and hers were in disguise. I love you, but a minister married me to her. The rascals forced him to give her a regular certificate; my name is in it. It is legally binding. I think it is even morally binding, since I chose it deliberately rather than death."

"Guy Crawford, my name is in that certificate, too, and the certificate is in my pocket. One of my cousins was the leader in that plot which robbed me of my fortune. God only knows which one of the three it was, except the coward hirelings who helped him. Had you tried to win my promise to be your wife without owning to this, I should have carried my secret to my grave with me. But I love you, and I have tried as hard as a woman modestly may to win you. I think I have loved you ever since that terrible night when you became my husband. Are you satisfied to take what the gods have sent you?"

CHAPTER III.

Our closing scene is five years later. The marriage which had taken place in that rainy night had been supplemented by another ceremony—a happy one this time.

The guilty man has died and has confessed his crime. The other two cousins have restored the money that the young wife should justly have.

It is evening. Mrs. Crawford has just told the wonderful story of herself and her husband to an interested audience of neighbors and friends.

"A natural question suggests itself," say a half-dozen in concert.

"The question as to why you were not at the station to meet him, Clinton?" says a practical man.

"My question is as to whether Guy Crawford would have found life as happy as he has if Clinton had met him?" asks a speculative one.

Providence and fate, chance and coincidence, each of these had its adherent in the group, and in favor of each there are questions asked.

Up the hill comes the manly form of Guy Crawford. The light of the setting sun shines around him. His boy Guy runs to meet him, and the wife and mother follows the two with a look of which father and son may well be proud.

"Hark," says Clinton, "I hear the heart of my question beating up the breeze."

All listen, and up the hill comes the music of a happy and honest heart—

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."

As the voice ceases Clinton asks,

"Is the song true?"

A natural question, dear reader, is it?

The Head Hunters.

The London *Telegraph* describes the murder of Mr. Witti, the explorer, by the head hunters of Borneo: Mr. Witti had, it seems, been making his way to the head of the Sibuco river. This region may be considered at present quite beyond the active administration of the British North Borneo company. The governor was not aware that Mr. Witti intended to make so long and hazardous a journey. At the same time, Mr. Witti being an experienced traveler, a brave man and on good terms with the natives generally, there was no reason to fear that he might not go through the very heart of the country without molestation. He had made an important trip, and was, it is believed, on his way to Kimanus. Near the head of the Sibuco river he would be on the frontier of Dutch Borneo, and in a region where Mr. Carl Bock found the natives unusually savage and unfriendly. Witti had a party of seventeen men. He divided them. Some nine or ten were told off to attend to the boats. They were navigating a river and Witti had bought boats from the natives. The other men remained to push on ahead in company with the explorer. The natives had shown no disposition to hostility. The local chiefs (the tribes are, no doubt, the Murats, though one account says they are Tandjoeing Dyaks) had hospitably entertained Witti, which is generally a guarantee of friendship. While his little party was preparing to move forward Witti sat down to make some notes in his diary. Suddenly, from an ambush in the river, some three hundred natives, armed with poisoned arrows and spears, rushed upon Witti and his men. Three of the latter fell almost immediately. Witti defended himself with his revolver and killed two of his assailants. The rest crowded upon him, however, and speared him to death. The others of his party had already run away, one of them, who was carrying Witti's Winchester rifle, taking it off in his flight. From a hiding-place they saw one of the attacking party decapitate Witti, while others cut off the lower limbs of his dead attendants, flung them, with the explorer's head, into a boat, and made off with the bleeding trophies down stream. They also carried off Witti's papers and dispatch box.

Tricking a Trickster.

One day several years ago an Eastern man dropped into a village in this State and made known the fact that he was anxious to purchase a general store. There were several in the town and all willing to sell, but the stranger said he would hang around for a few days to see how much business was being done. One of the dealers, named Smith, saw where a little extra work might count for a good deal, and he called in a fellow townsman named Gilbert, and said:

"Now, Gilbert, I want to sell, and I want to give that Eastern chap an idea that I am doing a staving cash business. Here is $20, and I want you to come in about 4 o'clock and trade it out in sugar and tea, and say that you'll send for the stuff to-morrow."

Gilbert pocketed the cash and was on hand at the hour named. The stranger was in the store with his eyes wide open, and Gilbert walked in and called out:

"Say, Smith, I'm coming in to-morrow to pay you that $75."

"That's all right," was the reply. "Want anything to-day?"

"Well, I might look at an overcoat."

Smith winked and winked, but Gilbert insisted on looking over the coats, and finally found one to suit. Then he helped himself to a pair of boots and a hat, and laying down the $20 he remarked:

"Take your pay out of that. I reckon I've saved at least $3 over any other store in town."

He was given about ninety cents in change, and walked off with his purchases and was not seen again for a week. The stranger not only did not buy Smith out, but when Smith went to take that $20 out of Gilbert's hide he was the man who got whipped.—*Detroit Free Press.*

At Your Service.

Scene on railway platform at Heidelberg—traveler to university student: "Sir, you are crowding—keep back, sir."

U. S.—fiercely—"Don't you like it. Allow me to tell you that I am at your service at any time and place."

Traveler—benignantly—"Ah, indeed, that is very kind of you. Just carry this satchel for me to the hotel."

It is said that there are upward of 3,000 steam plowing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Women.

Queen Victoria's visit to the south of France this winter will be spent at Cannes.

The Madeira road at Brighton, in England, has become a great place for ladies on tricycles.

There have been 184 women students at Michigan university during 1882. Of this number 110 were in the literary department.

Paris is setting women a sensible fashion in dispensing with high-heeled shoes. Flat soles are to be the order hereafter, and women will be able to walk without a rotary motion.

It is said that a lady school-teacher in Auburn, Me., during the summer vacation raked 100 tons of hay, harnessed the horse for the meadow and felt all the better for the field exercise.

Miss Mary S. Pegram, for many years preceptress and teacher of mathematics in Illinois female college, Jacksonville, has accepted a similar position under Dr. De Motte, Xenia college, Xenia, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Austin, who recently died in Washington, was the mother of forty-four children, only eleven of whom are now alive. In addition to these duties, she was a doctor and surgeon and served through the war with the rank of major.

The competition of young girls for appointment in the English postal service is increasing. At an examination to test the qualifications of applicants there were 800 candidates for thirty places. The salary is very small, beginning at only $2.50 a week.

Mrs. Mary Jacklin, Detroit's female broker and speculator, has raised a family of four children with success, giving them a liberal education, and has accumulated a fortune of $50,000 in the produce business. She is now sixty-four years old and "smart as a cricket" yet, being well and favorably knowni in the business circles of Detroit.

Taking the United States through there is not a large city, says the Philadelphia *Press*, where marriage engagements are so formally announced and looked upon as such solemn obligations as in Philadelphia. Long engagements also prevail here to a considerable extent, and they are looked upon as good things, because they familiarize young people with each other and give them a chance to test their congenialty and escape in time if they find they do not agree.

Fashion Notes.

Fancy feathers of every description are the rage for millinery use.

Arabesques of satouche are the leading jacket and wrap garnitures.

Telegraph, hussar, electric and royal are four very popular shades of blue.

Royal cardinal jackets are very fashionably worn over black skirts of silk, satin or cashmere.

Amazone cloths embroidered or adorned with arabesques of satouche compose the favorite trimmings of autumn promenade costumes.

Shaggy goods of all kinds in brown, fawn color, dark green, dark blue, or in plaids of heather mixtures are the most fashionable of all utility fabrics.

The coming of the "Jersey Lily" has largely increased the sale in America of the jersey bodice, whose popularity she long ago inaugurated in London.

Derbies and other masculine-looking hats appear on the heads of many pretty and well-dressed young women along the fashionable promenades of New York.

Standing collars of velvet, fastening behind, have falls or frills of Oriental lace below them, while the collars rest upon the neck without any relief of white or cream lace above them.

The newest linen collars are narrow bands fastening with a simulated slide or buckle of linen, through which a linen tongue is passed, and fastened afterward with a small gilt screw button.

Jersey waists shaped to the figure are finished at the bottom with high scarf draperies, and sometimes with a box plaiting set on high, with the bottom of the jersey cut into points back and front.

A dark, dull green velvet train and bodice of the same are considered the correct wear with pale green silk or satin front breadths, paniers and plastrons forming the other parts of an evening toilet.

Dorsay redingotes are imported, made of black Lyons velvet and trimmed with a magnificent applique work of black embroidery and jet. They are fastened down the front from the throat to the bottom of the skirt with costly cordelieres and handsome cut jet buttons in medallion designs.

The huge bridal bouquet of white roses is now frequently replaced by a large fan made of gardenais, white star flowers and stephanotis. This fan depends from the right side by a gold or silver chatelaine, but is raised and carried in the hand in place of the bouquet as the bride enters church or parlor.

Some of the most expensive wraps are simply long cloaks of embossed plush or velvet or plain fabrics, with borders of priceless fur or needlework passementerie, with each raised leaf and flower worth the price of a yard of ordinary trimming, while other garments are so complicated in construction and so elaborately garnished as to be almost as indescribable as some of the intricate costumes with plaitings, puffs, plastrons, vandykes and other decorative features.

A Remarkable Burglar.

Mary Morris, a petite fourteen-year-old girl, with a remarkably sweet face, which seemed to beam with childlike innocence, was sentenced by a Chicago court to two years in the house of correction, she having pleaded guilty to fourteen indictments for burglary and larceny. The judge remarked that it was one of the most astounding cases of which he had ever heard. This girl is the most remarkable burglar of modern times. For the past two years she has plied her vocation, committing innumerable daring burglaries by night, and well-nigh filling the house of her parents with dress goods, jewelry, diamonds and articles valued in all at $10,000. A large part of the plunder had been disposed of, the revenue supplying the entire family wants. Eight hundred indictments could have been found. The story of her crimes and escapades would fill a ponderous volume. Her mother, Helen Morris, was sentenced to three and a half years in the penitentiary as an accessory.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The English *Wreck Register* shows that for the year 1880–81 the number of wrecks, casualties and collisions on the coasts of the United Kingdom was 3,575, or 1,056 in excess of those of 1879–80, the number of lives lost during the past year being 984. As probably between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 of persons were passengers by water, the proportion of accidents was very small.

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* gives the following as a rule for the location of storms: The wind almost always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.

Nurses trained in New York hospitals are in great demand to attend the sick. According to an ambulance surgeon, sufferers from accidents or violence ask to be taken to hospitals that have lady nurses; and, as a matter of course, wealthy families secure trained nurses for their invalids. Nursing the sick is an occupation which is not likely to be overdone, though there are now schools for training nurses in most of our large cities. This, however, is not a new thing. In the middle ages women were not only the nurses but the physicians, and Roman Catholic hospitals are still under the charge of nuns.

According to information furnished by recent numbers of the *Ferhan*, the journal of Ispahan, civilization is making considerable progress in Persia. A large college, which was completed last year with government aid, has now commenced in earnest among the upper classes of Persian youth, who will have the advantage of tuition at the hands of professors who, if not Europeans, have at least graduated at the principal seats of learning in Europe. Further signs of improvement are to be found in the increased employment of Europeans in connection with railways, telegraphs, etc., and in the recent decree for the assimilation of weights and measures throughout Persia.

There are ten large bath-houses at Hot Springs, Ark., and the price of a bath varies from fifteen to thirty cents, the latter being the limit fixed by the State government, which owns the springs. An attendant is paid not more than $1 a week. The natural temperature of the water is about 140 degrees, and for bathing it is usually reduced to 100 or a little less. The baths are taken, as a rule, in tubs, placed in a large hot apartment, and separated by low partitions. There is not much luxury in the appliances or surroundings. Vapor baths may be had, but not much in the style of New York establishments. Opinions differ widely among the invalid visitors as to the curative qualities of the water, but all agree that at least a temporary relief is afforded. One of the springs is set apart, at certain hours of the day, for indigent persons, who are allowed to plunge into a pool. This daily gathering of crippled and dying wretches, who have begged their way to this place, is described as a most pitiful spectacle.

The extent of wine making in California astonishes visitors from the East. At the vineyards of San Gabriel, the largest in the State, 500,000 gallons of wine and 100,000 of brandy will be made from this year's crop of grapes. The unskilled labor employed is usually Chinese, but the experts are mostly from the wine districts of France and Germany, though Americans learn the process readily. The grapes are stemmed and squeezed by machinery. The juice runs into vats, where it ferments sufficiently and is pumped into great butts in the cellars. There it stands until it is clarified by whites of eggs, isinglass or gelatine, after which it is filtered through charcoal and drawn off into casks for shipment. As to the profits of grape culture, it is calculated that the vines will bear in the third year after the cuttings are set out, give a profit in the fourth, and in the fifth yield enough to pay all expenses, including the cost of the land. There are seven wine-producing districts in California, and the total vintage this year is 12,000,000 gallons. Some of this will be distilled for brandy, and some drunk at home, but the bulk will be sent Eastward, to be sold under foreign labels.

An English project which has for its aim nothing less than a revolution in the inland transportation of merchandise will probably be brought before parliament for its sanction during the coming winter. It is not the scheme of penniless adventurers, but the well-considered enterprise of some of the leading shipowners and merchants of Liverpool, who have already raised a large guarantee fund. The project is designated "The Lancashire Plate Railway," and, broadly stated, the proposal is to lay out a series of roadways, radiating from Liverpool to the centers of manufacturing industry in South Lancashire, to carry along these roadways a double set of iron plates corresponding in breadth with the wheels of ordinary wagons, to set the loaded wagons on this smooth plateway, and draw them by steam traction engines to their appointed destination. Passenger traffic is excluded from the scope of the scheme; it is confined entirely to goods, and the anticipation is that it will be possible to carry these at a much lower rate than is now charged by the railway companies. The movement has its origin and motive in the burdensome charges now levied, which have been the subject of persistent protest by all the commercial bodies of Liverpool. The chief saving will be in the handling of goods. The wagons, which will be similar to those in general use on ordinary roads except that the axles will be of the same length, will be loaded directly from the steamer or the factory, drawn by horses to the nearest station of the "plateway," and there attached to a long line of similar vehicles with an engine at its head. Arrived at their destination, horses will draw them to the factory or steamer. The metal plates will be laid in two parallel rows, with long flanges on the outer edge to keep the wagons on the track. It is thought that $35,000 a mile will construct and equip the plateway, and that the cost of maintaining and operating it will be comparatively small.

Modest Benevolence.

Fifth avenue, New York, contains two ladies of great wealth, each of whom may be said to live alone, with the exception of servants. One of these is Mrs. A. T. Stewart, who occupies a place which cost $1,000,000. The taxes alone on this grand establishment are $12,500. She has a dozen servants, and a housekeeper, but otherwise lives alone, though often visited by her young and expectant relatives. The other is Miss Harriet Lenox, sister of the philanthropist, who occupies the house built by the latter, when Fifth avenue first became an aristocratic street. She lives alone, with the exception of the servants, but her purpose in life is to carry out her brother's philanthropic schemes, for which reason he made her sole heir. Old Robert Lenox, the founder of the family, had four children, a son and three daughters. Harriet is the last of the line, which, in her death, will become extinct. She is, like her late brother, a recluse, but devotes her time and her wealth to benevolence, which is administered through approved channels of usefulness.

Robert Lenox's name appears in the first New York directory, dated 1786. He was a thrifty Scotch merchant, and an elder in the Presbyterian church. Two of his daughters married, but Harriet remained single, and so did the son, James, who was one of the strangest bachelors on record. He did not care for society of any kind, did not love horses, or anything of a sportive character. He was, on the other hand, a student, and devoted himself to books. He was an economist, and yet showed a remarkable turn for benevolence, but exercised it in the most private manner possible. The senior Lenox left $300,000, which was then called a large property, but he also had a farm of twenty acres five miles from the city, which he always considered an unfortunate investment. The land was poor, and at $10,000 the purchase seemed a blunder. His son, James, however, lived to see the time when a lot (in size one-sixth of an acre) sold for more than the entire cost of the farm, including taxes. Fifth avenue runs directly through it, and it fronts the Central park. The old farmhouse still stands, and is occupied by James Gaddis, who has supplied his patrons with vegetables for many years. He has become rich and owns many houses, but is still proud to be gardener of the Lenox family. James and Harriet Lenox lived for more than a third of a century in a plain-looking house in the lower part of the avenue. The house was different, socially speaking, from any other in New York. The only visitors admitted were the pastor, the physician and a few family connections. On Sundays, the brother and sister walked over to the church, which stood on the other side of the same avenue. They never attended any other church, nor were seen in any other places of public resort. Theatres, concerts, lectures, were alike unattractive to this quiet pair, who were all in all to each other. The only variation was the summer residence in Newport, where, however, the same seclusion was maintained. In this way a lifetime passed, and it was one of great activity. James Lenox did a day's work every day, and when death closed his career of fourscore he left a noble record. The funeral was in keeping with his previous habits. The hour was not announced, and there were no invitations. A small circle of kindred assembled, and after the prayer the undertaker conveyed the remains to the place of interment, followed by a few carriages. On the following Sabbath the pastor informed the congregation that, in obedience to the wishes of the deceased, no funeral sermon would be delivered. The illustrated papers applied for a picture, but were refused. However great might be the public desire to behold a likeness of the philanthropist, this was contrary to his purpose. A portrait had been painted, but it was private property. It had been expected that Lenox would make some liberal bequests; but, on the other hand, he merely bequeathed the estate to Harriet. Having acted as a faithful trustee all his life, he placed the trust in her hands. She knows his wishes, and since his death they have been carefully fulfilled. The income is administered for benevolent purposes.

Cheap Living in Saxony.

A correspondent of the Chicago *News* writes that while everything was exceedingly cheap in Saxony, none of the Americans with whom he had been talking had been able to live on less money per diem than it cost them to live at home, but they had all lived more luxuriously.

"I am taking music lessons here," said a young fellow from Cincinnati, who does not talk much. "I take two lessons a week. I pay for the lessons about twelve and a half cents each, or $1 per month. I pay all the teacher asked."

"I am paying fifty cents per lesson to a teacher of German," said another.

"I paid $15 for this suit of clothes," said another, "and I couldn't buy it in the United States for $40. They were made to order for me."

"I pay twelve marks, or $3, per month for my room, with coffee every morning," said another.

"I rode in a beautiful carriage from 11 o'clock until 6 o'clock yesterday. I had a splendid driver. I had beer, and so did he. The day's amusement cost me $3. It would cost more than that for the privilege of taking off your hat to an American hackman."

Other adventures and experiences of a similar character were gone over. I have just given enough to show why it is that people of small means in England flock to Saxony. They can live well here for what it would cost them to live poorly at home. Americans have not taken advantage of the inducements offered by Dresden or Leipsic as yet, because Americans do not live like the English on annuities. But to persons in America who have an income from rents or invested capital of say $1,000 a year, the inducements offered by this delightful country are beyond computation.

How Western Cities Grow.

A Western man has been telling some Philadelphians how Western cities grow. He says he went off into the mountains hunting, and, night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early the next morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the courthouse steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flag pole for the hotel across the way. He got down, and while rubbing his eyes was nearly run over by a street car and got his feet tangled in an electric light wire.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Iron chess-boards and chessmen with concealed magnets to steady them are sold in Berlin for the convenience of travelers.

The great red spot which has been visible on the surface of the planet Jupiter for several years is reported to be growing fainter, and the early disappearance of this remarkable object seems imminent.

Experiments conducted between Munich and Miesbach have proved conclusively that electrical energy capable of being converted into motive power can be sent over an ordinary telegraph wire.

The hurricane which destroyed the nave of the pavilion of the exhibition at Trieste also damaged the electric light apparatus. A man, while engaged in repairing it, accidentally received the full discharge of the electric current, and was killed on the spot.

Heat and light are identical in character, though different in degree. All solid bodies become self-luminous at the same temperature, which is about 1,000 degrees. When the body is raised to the temperature of 1,000 degrees it emits red rays; at 1,200 degrees, orange rays; at 1,300 degrees, yellow rays; at 1,500 degrees, blue rays; at 1,700 degrees, indigo rays, and at 2,000 degrees, violet rays.

In warm-blooded animals the heart's action ceases in a very few minutes after the destruction of the nervous centers, or after the circulation of the blood in its own vessels is by any means arrested. Not so with cold-blooded animals, however, as the heart of one of them may continue to beat for many hours after it has been emptied of blood, and even after it has been cut out of the chest. The pulsations of the heart of an eel have been seen to continue for six hours after separation from the rest of the body; of a torpedo, for nine hours; and of a salmon, for twenty-four hours.

WISE WORDS.

It is sad but true that we can silence our conscience easier than our desires.

Genius makes its observations in shorthand; talent writes them out at length.

No accusation should be advanced except upon proof sufficient to sustain it.

The best penance for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

He who selects his companions with care is more likely to make unto himself faithful friends.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining.

While we retain the power of rendering service and conferring favors we seldom experience ingratitude.

The mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess there would not be much envy in the world.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

What an argument in favor of social connection is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

A word—a look, which at one time makes no impression, at another time wounds the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

HEALTH HINTS.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

For chapped lips mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.

To remove warts, get a little bullock's gall and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day and in a short time they will disappear.

Don't sleep in a draught; don't go to bed with cold feet, and don't eat what you do not need just to save it, are notes of warning sounded by *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.

For bruises or sprains bathe the part in cold water until you get ready a decoction of wormwood and vinegar. When the herb is fresh gathered pound the leaves, wet with vinegar, and bind on, and when the herb is dry put it in the vinegar and let it boil a short time; then bathe the bruise with the decoction and bind on the herb.

A Practical Joke.

Miss Van Zandt, the American prima donna, who has won such enviable honors in Paris, was lately the heroine of a little comedy at the Musee Grevin. She went to that famous gallery of wax figures with her mother and some friends, and, seeing a vacant niche draped with red curtains, in a room where there were no other visitors than her own party, slipped into it, gave her friends an admonitory glance, and sat still. The curtains were drawn so that only her bust and head were visible. Pretty soon visitors thronged in. "See," said one, "there is a new figure, Mlle. Van Zandt. What a good likeness!" A group gathered round, expressing, some admiration, others disapproval, the fair singer meanwhile keeping perfectly still. At last a languid, supercilious and altogether superior lady came along, viewed the dainty features, fair locks and sparkling eyes and then said: "So this is Mlle. Van Zandt, is it? Quite pretty, but no likeness. I never would have recognized it if I hadn't been told—" and then the supposed wax figure burst into a merry peal of laughter, sprang from the niche and tripped away amid the astonishment and chagrin of the critic and the applause of the crowd.

Giving and Gaining.

Though the river to the sea
Is forever flowing—
Though the blossom greets the bee,
All its sweets bestowing:
Still the river floweth fleet—
Still the rose's he

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR

CENTRE HALL, PA. . Nov. 23 1882

A half dozen papers have endorsed the REPORTER'S suggestion in favor of Curtin for speaker of the House. Backed as he is by such a splendid majority, his commanding presence and graceful bearing—how he would grace the speaker's chair.

The first thing Secretary Folger did at his desk in Washington, after hearing the result of the elections, was to prop his head on his hands, and mumble to himself, What the d—l does this mean.

A republican remarked to us the other day that when Gen. Beaver fell from his horse at Garfield's inauguration, he knew the General could not be elected governor. There are some repubs who believe in ghosts and witches.

The late elections would have been stolen from the democrats, beyond a doubt, had not the majorities been too heavy to carry off.

We do not like this talk of making presidents out of all successful governors, it leaves some of us fellows, who do not expect to be governors, out in the cold. If you want to talk about presidential timber the Hancocks, Thurmans, and Baryards, are the right stuff to look for and bring forward. These are truly great men.

As the chances for a democratic president in 1884 are bright, had not the rads better start in now with their old cry of "rebel claims?"

Anybody will hear with delight of a prospect for cheaper beef. The Chicago dressed beef enterprize bids fair to accomplish this. The Philad. *Times* says: The project of shipping dressed beef from Chicago to Eastern cities by means of refrigerator cars having proved a success, the live stock men are in danger of being driven from business. In order to avert such a catastrophe to themselves they seem to have entered into a sort of monopoly operation to drive the successful Chicago shippers from the field. Their method seems to be the pooling of a large amount of capital to be invested in the refrigerator enterprise, with the purpose of selling the beef shipped by the pool at cost, in the hope that when the originators of the business find there is no profit in it they will retire and leave the field to the live-stock shippers. Revolutions seldom move backward, however, and it is perfectly safe to predict that if the dressed beef method is the cheapest it will win in the long run. In the meantime the fight promises to be a very pretty one and as it will assuredly result in cheap beef for a while the public will have occasion to be good-natured about it, anyhow.

All that the Jay Hubbell committee has to show for the thousands wrung out of the poor clerks is the election of three or four bargain and sale repudiationists in Virginia, and perhaps as many more carpet-baggers and scalawags in other parts of the South. Influential Republicans say that a strong movement will be made against the establishment of any more compaign committees of the Jay Hubbell kind, as it has been demonstrated most conclusively that they do more harm than good.

There was a terrible prairie fire in one of the Russian provinces. Telegrams from Nertschinsk states that a prairie fire raged on the Mongolian frontier in October, covering seventy square miles and consuming numbers of Cossack out-posts and villages.

The Lewistown *Free Press*, ind, endorses the REPORTER'S suggestion in favor of Curtin for speaker of the next House

Judge Kelly thinks Sam'l J. Randall will be the next speaker of the House. Mr. Carlisle of Ky., will also be pressed by his friends for speaker. We still say, fix on Curtin for speaker if for no other reason then simply because Keifer was speaker.

Cameron seems to be disgusted with the republican party. Well, he need not come over to the democrats—we were fortunate when we got rid of the elder Cameron over 30 years ago, and the hole he left was plugged up. Beaver may come over but Cameron may go to the demnition bow-wows.

Of the 33 states which held elections on 7th inst., 15 elected governors, and o these the democrats elected 13. In nearly all the other 18 states the democrats were successful in electing the state officers, and in none of the 33 states have they failed to reduce the republican majorities. There is no charge of fraud, or unfairness against the democrats and they had to carry on their campaigns almost without money, of which the radicals had hundreds of thousands.

WHERE TO REFORM.

The next legislature, in the lower House, will be democratic. The republicans in the last twenty years have wasted hundreds of thousands of dollars uselessly. The democrats complained of this, and justly, and promised reform by economy in the expenditures. The people, accordingly, look for reform. We have several times, in the last few years, pointed out in the columns of the REPORTER where there was useless expenditure at Harrisburg, and we will recall a few items here, as the legislature will convene in a few weeks:

1st. The Legislative Record has proven a nuisance and should be abolished. This printing job done away with, will save the taxpayers from $25,000 to $40,000 each session.

2nd. The little army of pasters and folders should be cut down from 40 or 50 to about 3 or 5. There is nothing to paste and fold, as members have pocketed their $100 for having documents mailed and then mailed none, but permitted them to be expressed home, at an additional expense to the state. The paster and folders will find it healthy to saw wood, shovel snow, dung out stables, &c at home, and by their being dispensed with, the state will save from 10 to $15,000.

3rd. No more hundred dollars to each member for postage, they pocket it and mail no documents and this item is unwarranted by the constitution. Reform here will save some $30,000.

4th. Print less public documents, the members dont send them out anyway and the employees about the hill steal or sell them at the end of the session We did not get half dozen of these documents in the last half dozen years. Reform here will save $5,000 to $10,000.

5th. No more shaving brushes, cups, tooth-picks, soaps and other costly fancy articles to stock members for years. The Constitution dont grant this. Reform in this steal will save several thousand dollars, and the members will come home with cleaner characters and clean faces washed with soap not stolen from the state.

6th. On the pay-roll are scores of fellows who have no work at all about the capitol, yet draw big pay every session. They put in their time playing poker, lounging in the saloons, visiting houses of ill fame, while some go to Harrisburg only at the adjournment to draw their salary. Weed out these scamps, and there will be a saving to the state of upwards of $10,000.

These are not all the rat holes that need plugging up, but will do to start with, and when shut we can point out double as many more whereby at least $100,000 can be saved in each appropriation bill. Let us have Reform, the people demand it—they said so on the 7th inst.

The Patriot says: Colonel Quay is reported as saying:

"The independents did this business, and I dont intehd to take a hand again. We will let them have the conventions next year, and they can nominate a man for state treasurer, and he will not be stalwart, either. Then they can run the fight, and if the democratic candidate is not elected by about 70,000 majority it will be something strange. These independents talk of having elected Garfield president. Pooh! stuff! Garfield was elected by stalwart votes, stalwart methods and stalwart money, and these fellows had nothing to do with it. As soon as he was elected, though, they rushed to the front and claimed all the credit for the victory. I suppose now they claim to have elected Pattison, and they are entitled to that sure enough."

Kossuth, the distinguished Hungarian patriot, has taken sides against the persecution of the Jews.

In a letter to the leader of the Radical party in Hungary, declares that the very existence of the anti-Jewish agitation to be a national shame and disgrace, and it is inconceivable to him how any one professing Democratic principles could be posessed of such a craze. It is not the Jews but bad economic policy that has reduced the poorer classes of Hungary to ruin.

The Secretary of State of Mississippi refused to count for J. R Chalmers votes returned as for J. R. Chambless, and the certificate of election to Congress was thereupon issued to Van H. Manning.

So then this Jim crack dont get into congress after all, and his seat will not need contesting. He can now, if he likes, can be a contestant and will learn how that is. We rather guess Chalmers is gone up the spout.

There is talk of organizing a new party out of the fragments of the republican party, with the defeated bosses as leaders. Any new party with fellows like Cameron, Quay, Cooper, and men of that stripe dangling on its sides will prove a still-born concern. The bosses are dead and any thing they tack too will have the hand of death upon it.

CONGRESSIONAL AND SENATORIAL DISTRICTS.

20th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

	Curtin	Orwig
Centre	4744	3696
Clearfield	4270	2457
Clinton	2715	1904
Elk	1322	545
Mifflin	1975	1588
Union	1489	1757
	16,515	11,288
	11,288	
Curtin's maj.	5 227.	

34th SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

	Wallace	Gordon
Centre	4335	3424
Clearfield	4158	2569
Clinton	2689	1907
	11 182	7,900
	7,900	
Wallace's maj.	3,282	

GOV. PATTISON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Philadelphia, Nov. 14. — Governor-elect Pattison appointed as his private secretary the Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Everett, pastor of the St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal church, No. 4,621 Germantown avenue. Dr. Everett will accept the position. This is Mr. Pattison's first appointment. He and the Governor-elect have known each other for about five years. Their relations have been of the most intimate character and entirely distinct from politics.

Dr. Everett's life prior to 1868, in which year he entered the theological seminary at Gettysburg, was entirely given up to journalism. He is about 50 years of age. He began his journalistic life on the old New York *Express*. In 1863 or 1864 he went to Pittsburg, and remained on the staff of the morning papers of that city until his entry into the ministry. He was for eight years pastor of the Trinity church at Eighth and Race streets, where his close social relations with the late Colonel Forney, whose funeral oration he pronounced, are well known.

The New York Sun says:

Republican newspapers all over the country are clamoring for a party leader to show himself. Wait till Congress reassembles and Repudiator Mahone cracks his whip in the United States Senate! Have our Republican contemporaries forgotten the forty days' deadlock of 1881, when the little Virginia showed his power, and Dawes and Hoar and the rest of the Republican Senators bowed their knee?

Gov. Pattison has written a letter declining to have a "fuss" at his inauguration, no parades and escorts, and that it shall not cost the state one dollar.

A fire in the Short mountain colliery, at Lykens, has thrown 1500 men out of employ.

Uncle Dan Hastings is now boss of the republican party in Centre county.

The Cato coal fields in Clinton county will in all probability add two railroads to that district to furnish an outlet to the new coal traffic.

The Virginia democrats threaten an investigation of Mahone's electioneering methods, and say that two or three of his congressmen-elect will be denied seats on account of fraud.

More than twenty members-elect of the Forty-eighth congress are natives of Ireland.

Only fourteen funerals in New York city since the first of July, from not understanding that gas must be turned off, not blown out. A man and wife on Sunday evening last in that city blew out the gas, and on Monday were awaiting identification at the Morgue. Tallow dips ought to be furnished country folks.

It is believed that the report of the Tariff Commission will be thrown under the table of the Ways and Means Committee and that the whole question of tariff revision will come over to the Forty eighth Congress. So says a Washington letter. This goes to prove the charge that the tariff commission, at $10 per day for nine of 'em, and expenses, was only a republican dodge and humbug. Why put the tariff in the hands of a frolicking, wandering commission, if the republican party knows as much about the tariff as it continually boasted? Besides where is the constitutional authority of congress to delegate its work to the hands of a commission? The whole thing was a fraud.

Postmaster General Howe will in his forthcoming report urge upon Congress the necessity for the government entering upon the domain of postal telegraphy. He says it is the business of the Post Office Department to facilitate prompt and rapid intercourse between the people. "We have," says the Postmaster General, "at present a monopoly, in fact an undisputed one, of all the slow methods for transmitting letters, while corporations enjoy the exclusive privilege of sending by the rapid system messages and business communications. In my opinion the Post Office Department ought to be equipped with every facility for postal telegraphy. The government can do it cheaper than companies and certainly with the same promptness." As to the means the Postmaster General has not yet outlined his report. His object is to press the matter upon the attention of Congress and let legislative wisdom devise the best method for practially carrying out the system.

THE STATE VOTE.

The total vote for governor as footed up at the State department, exclusive of Warren county, is as follows: Beaver, 313,698; Pattison, 353,965; Stewart, 43,304; Armstrong, 22,808, and Pettit, 4,871. Without Warren county Africa's plurality for secretary of internal affairs is 36,407, and without Bradford and Warren counties Clark's plurality for supreme judge is 42,058.

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS

The restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem was spoken of as an approaching event by the Rev. W. H. Ferris, D. D., at Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington square. After reading a number of passages of prophecy, he said: —"If these mean anything at all they indicate that there is a time when the children of Israel will take up their march once again for the Promised Land. Let us see, then, what are the present signs of the possibility of such an event. Well, as it appears to me, the first is the decay of the Ottoman Empire. This Power has long held a loose but cruel sway over the land of Palestine, but it is fast falling to pieces. Russia has taken some large slices, and I hope she will take more. Greece has served districts from her southeastern boundary and is bidding for more, and the recent war in Egypt has given Great Britain a control of that country which if it does not take the form of government by English officials at least gives England a paramount influence. The ligaments that bind the Land of the Nile to Turkey are fast becoming secured, thank God. The Turk has no longer an army, no longer wealth, no longer force to govern Judea, in the face of resisting power. The second reign of the approaching restoration I find in the barenness of Judea of inhabitants. The best information shows that there are not a million inhabitants where in the days of Solomon there were probably ten millions. It is said that there are six millions of Jews scattered round the globe. I think a better figure would be eight millions. The cities of stone stand in Moab almost as solid as they were when their inhabitants deserted them; the valleys are still rich and only need the peaceful care of the husbandman to bear again corn and the vine. The gradual increase in the number of Jews and the lull in their persecution point alike to their return. It is also worthy of note that in the last fifty years more of them have been converted to Christianity than in the fifteen preceeding centuries. Already they are beginning to silently congregate once again in Jerusalem. There are 5,000 of them there now—with little liberty it is true; but to whom does the Turk give liberty? It has been stated and never contradicted that in security for loans the Rothschilds had a mortgage on Judea from the Turkish government, if this be so I hope they will soon foreclose." The preacher then pictured the effort of the return of the Jews. The knees of fidelity, he said, would knock together, the sceptic would bow to the logic of events and God would stand revealed to the world through the light of prediction.

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT

Causes a Greenbacker to Become a Raving Maniac.

Pittsburg, Nov. 13.—A special from Erie, Pa., says: Wm. M. Cavoy, the well known greenbacker, has become a raving maniac since the election. He was intensely interested in the contest, working day and night for Armstrong, his favorite candidate for governor. When the news of Pattison's election was received he was sadly disappointed. Today his actions became so strange that it was deemed advisable to place him in the custody of the police. He was no sooner behind his cell than he began to foam at the mouth and tearing at the bars, which he twisted like twigs. During his ravings he cursed Beaver and Pattison for defeating Armstrong. When the warden with his deputies went to secure him he held them at bay with an iron bar for a long time. There is little hope for his recovery.

WHEN GARFIELD BEAT BEFORE THE STORM.

In a lecture before 100 persons in Asbury Methodist Church last evening Stewart L. Woodford said: "Garfield stood alone in resisting the demands of office hunters for spoils after his election but he had to bend before the storm, and attempt to use his great office to pay off his political debts. His failure to get his nominators confirmed. the resignations of Senators who wanted to use their office to pay their political obligations too, and the deadlock in politics, are fresh in the public mind." *Sun*, 17.

Who killed Garfield? Woodford was one of the noted radical orators in the last presidential campaign, and spoke at Bellefonte. He, too, now, is against the bosses.

"Harper's Magazine" for December is exceedingly rich in illustrations and literary attractions. The beautiful scenery of the Columbia river is finely illustrated by Cleveland Rockwell's pictures, the artist also contributing the descriptive article. Its other contents are William Black at home; The great Seaport of Western France; Southern California.—III; Cameos of Colonial Carolina; The Singular Vote of Aut Tilbox; Storing Electricity; For the Major—a novel; Among the Rosecroots; New England in the Colonial Period; Tom's Monument—a story; Shandon Bells—a novel; with several poems, Editor's Essay Chair; Literary Record, History Record, and Drawer.

Young, old and middle-aged men and women get health by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

——Subscribers to the REPORTER should bear in mind that by paying $2.00 subscription in advance, we allow them two months' additional credit as a premium. tf

——A week or so ago Cornelius Weeland, of Williamsport, attempted to commit suicide by hacking himself on the head with an axe. He made about fifty gashes and at one place cut two inches of his scalp.

PATTISON WANTS NO SHOW.

The following is the full extent of Governor Pattison's letter to the State Fencibles:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18, 1882. MY DEAR SIR:—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of your letter advising me that a resolution was passed unanimously at a meeting of the board of officers of the State Fencibles, tendering me the battalion as an escort from my home to Harrisburg on the occasion of the inauguration of the governor of this commonwealth in January next. This letter is only one of many I am daily receiving of similar import from various organizations, both civil and military. As I was at one time a member and president of your battalion, it is not improper that I select my reply to your invitation as a method of communicating my purpose as to the inauguration to all those organizations that have already addressed me on the subject or might be likely to take any action in the matter in the future. For the personal compliment intended to be bestowed upon me by these friends I am sincerely grateful, but I must decline to accept their kind offers for the reason I am about to state.

I have always entertained a profound conviction that a simple and undemonstrative inauguration of public officers was most in accordance with the spirit of republican institutions. There is no reason that I can see why the mere taking of an oath by a citizen called by the people to execute a public trust should be made the occasion for scenes of pagentry and demonstration. To my mind the solemness of the act is marred by the intrusion of such needless and inopportune display. The sooner we turn to simplicity and democratic good sense in these matters the better—better for the people and better for the officers. Besides, I am resolutely determined that, so far as I can control the matter, my inauguration as governor shall not cost the people of Pennsylvania one dollar. Why should it? They derive no benefits from such scenes and money spent thereon is wisted.

These are my reasons for declining your kind offer. I trust they may meet your approval. Of course the inauguration is a public act and takes place in the eye of the public. Therefore it is the right of such citizens as desire to do so voluntarily and at their own expense to be present at and witness the ceremony. All such I will be glad to see and meet on that occasion. More than that I do not wish to inspire and cannot approve.

Respectfully yours,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

APPARITIONS THAT ARE SAID TO HAVE APPEARED TO PRESIDENT TYLER'S SISTER.

Washington, Nov. 6.—Ghost stories, which have suffered an eclipse for a time, appear to be undergoing a revival. Here is one that is entitled to credence, if any are. It is usually only a servant or ignorant persons who see ghosts, but in this case the apparition was seen by two persons simultaneously, both of them possessed of more than common vigor of mind.

President Tyler had a sister who was reckoned one of the most gifted women of her day. She was the namesake of Patrick Henry and the pet of Jefferson. She lived with her father, Gov. Tyler, at Greenway, Charles City county, Va. One night, while sleeping in the bed with a cousin, a young woman of her own age, she awoke and saw her mother, who had been dead for some months, sitting in the window seat. It was a bright night in summer, and under the window was a bed of a younger sister who was an infant at the time of the mother's death. The apparition leaned over the child and gazed intently on it. Miss Tyler remembered to have heard that an apparition would remain as long as the eyes were fixed on it. She looked steadily upon it without the least alarm. Now comes the strangest part of the story. The girl lying by her side said quietly, "Maria, there is your mother." Then the form melted away.

Some years afterward, after Gov. Tyler's death, his daughter was at Greenway again. She was then married, and was visiting the first wife of her brother, President Tyler. He was absent in Washington, being in the Senate. One night one of Mrs. Tyler's children became ill, and her sister in-law went to the nursery to help take care of it. She suggested that she should get a remedy from her own room, and, taking a candle in her hand, started for it. On her return, as she passed the staircase, she saw her father standing before her. The same idea flashed into her mind that she could hold the apparition by her fixed gaze. She observed it carefully, and recognized a certain suit of brown cloth which she had sometimes seen the Governor wear, and she was self-possessed enough to look for a mole on his forehead which was a birth mark. Mrs. Tyler after waiting some minutes, called to her to hasten, whereupon the figure vanished.

A MOTHER'S HEROIC DEATH.

Dying in the Flames after Rescuing Five Children.

Pottsville, Nov. 11. At an early hou yesterday morning fire broke out in the residence of John Hepler, a well-to-do farmer living in the Williamsport Valley, near Tower City. Mr. Hepler was away from home. Mrs. Hepler and six children were in bed at the time. The cracking flames, which quickly spread and soon enveloped the whole building, awoke Mrs. Hepler, who conscious of the danger which surrounded her and her family, rushed to the aid of the children, who slept in different rooms. She succeeded in rescuing five of them. Almost exhausted she again entered the burning building for the sixth child, an interesting two year old boy, the youngest of the family. Before she reached his bedside all means of escape were cut off and both perished in the flames. When their charred remains were found the child was locked in the mother's arms. Mrs. Hepler was 45 years of age. The origin of the fire is not exactly known, but is supposed to have started in the kitchen. The house, with all its contents, was totally destroyed.

Some years ago the country between the Missouri River and the Rockey Mountains was regarded as a desert; at best fit for nothing but grazing purposes. These plains cover an enormous extent of country, and there is now reason to believe that in the course of the next twenty-five years the greater part will become arable land, which will grow magnificent crops. There are three agencies at work effecting this change. One of these is irrigation. The streams which issue from the melted snows of the Rockey Mountains are being carefully utilized to irrigate large sections east of the foot hills. As is well known, the Mormons have converted the Salt Lake Valley into a perfect garden. Before they set up irrigating ditches Utah was in appearance the most unpromising portion of the earth's surface for the growth of agricultural products, but water applied to these sage-brush deserts, changes them as if my magic, and makes them wonderfully fruitful. Still another means of utilizing the grazing plains is found in the sinking of artesian wells. The water which reaches the surface by this means is gradually absorbed by the the thirsty soil, and the desert blossoms like the rose. Many of these wells have already been opened, and in time there will be thousands of them, each the centre of an almost recreated district of country. But the most potent influence at work is the steady extension of population west of the rainfall. As the country becomes settled and trees are planted, showers become more frequent and heavier. It is believed in time even Denver will be subject to showers sufficient to convert the arid regions of its neighborhood into fruit fields. Horace Greely predicted that the time would come when these dry plains would become dotted with wind mills, which will pump up the water out of vast depths of the artesian wells. It is claimed that the building of railroads has a great deal to do in attracting the rain from eastern skies and watercourses.

A MOTHER ROASTS HER CHILD.

Louisville, Nov. 16.—Martha Robinson, colored, heated a stove red-hot, stripped the clothing from her child, aged two years and a half, and laid it on its back on the top of the stove this evening. After a time she took the child off and, carrying it to a factory near by, left it in the hall way. When asked why she committed the crime, she said: "Because I wanted to get rid of the child." The little one will doubtless die.

A TRAIN DITCHED AND SIX MEN KILLED.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 14.—News has been received here of a disastrous wreck which occurred on the Alton road this evening near Oak Grove, twenty miles east of here. As a construction train was backing up the valley to Oak Grove it collided with a hand car on which were four men. The men on the car jumped and escaped, but the construction train of five or six cars and caboose was detached and the brakeman named Corcoran and five section men killed and eight or ten others wounded.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN TEXAS.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 14.—News was received here to-day of a double tragedy on the Red River, a few miles from Texarkana, Texas, on Saturday night. Chas. Hewey, Jr., a merchant at Lost Prairie, after quarreling with two Butler brothers, went home and was pursued, the Butlers followed him to a negro cabin where he had taken refuge and kicked the door in. Hewey had a double barrelled shotgun killing both brothers as they crossed the threshold. He was wounded in the arm by a ball fired by a man who came with his assailants. The Butlers were picked up dead. They were buried in one grave on Sunday.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

State College, Pa., Nov. 14.—The district convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Centre Hall, on 10, 11 and 12 instant, was attended by many pleasing features. While we trust it was a source of spiritual encouragement to the residents of that village, it was no less a wholesome and reviving season to the visiting delegates.

The convention was preceded by a young men's reception given on Friday evening in which both entertainers and entertained proved themselves fully equal to the occasion. The former by the bounteous supplies and the generous and affable spirit which they manifested in their efforts to make those feel at home who had responded to the invitation, "Come in and sup with us." The guests deserve a special commendation for their, hearty compliance with the call, and the friendly feeling they seemed to evince, betokened an interest which is not likely to prove antagonistic to the progress of the association. State Secretary Taggart made all parties present glad, not only by his presence, but by hearty and zealous co operation in the evening entertaiment. Secretary Miller, of Bellefonte, was also present, who acted as "Master of Ceremonies." To make the means of enjoyment replete the meeting was favored by the presence of the Bellefonte orchestra and an organist in the person of D. E. Roberts, of State College. After a choice variety of refreshments had been served and an evening spent in social enloyment interspersed with singing and instrumental music kindly furnished by the orchestra, the exercises of the evening closed with an announcement to meet for organization on the following morning at half-past ten o'clock.

Saturday morning's session was opened by prayer offered by Rev. Fischer, of Centre Hall. The convention was then organized by electing J. W. Miller, of Bellefonte, Chairman of the session, and M. W. Lowery of State College, Secretary of the convention. The reports of the several associations represented were then made, after which C. Dinges read a paper on "A model association in a town of six hundred." The paper contained many suggestions and showed the writer to be well acquainted with the needs of such an association. A discussion on the paper followed till noon. J. W. Reeves, of State College, being elected to preside over the afternoon meeting the convention adjourned to meet at 2 p. m.

The afternoon session was opened by a devotional meeting, led by M. W. Lowry continuing till half-past two, when Mr Gepheart, of Bellefonte, spoke half an hour upon "The Boys Branch." On motion of Sec'y Taggart the time was extended ten minutes, which was occupied by a discussion upon the subject. This was followed by a Bible study led by Mr. Miller, after which Mr. Geo. Butz, of State College, was elected president of the evening meeting Following adjournment the ladies of Centre Hall met in conference, Sec'y Taggart conducting the meeting which lasted till 4.30.

The evening session in pursuance of the announcement made in the afternoon, the convention met in the Lutheran church, where a large audience assembled. The meeting was opened at 7 o'clock by service of song, conducted by the chairman, Mr. Butz. In the absence of Col. Keller, who was to speak upon "The relation of the Y. M. C. A. to the Church," the subject was presented and brightly discussed by Messrs. Miller and Lowry. At 8 Mr. Taggart opened his address to young men which was characterized by his wonted vivid and touching appeal to the higher feelings of all present.

Sunday morning between the hours of 9 and 10 the convention held a consecration meeting where a deep feeling prevailed.

In the afternoon at 3.30 a young men's meeting in the hall was well attended, led by J. W. Gepheart, of Bellefonte. The meeting proved to be deeply interesting, and one young man determined to lead a different life. At the same time the ladies' meeting in the M. E Church was well attended and addressed by Taggart and Miller. The ladies showed a warm disposition to aid the work, and their labor will be apparent in the future.

In the evening the Reformed church was filled to its utmost. This was the farewell meeting and was presided over by C. F. Cook, of Bellefonte; G. W. Gepheart spoke on the "Duty of the community to the association." He was followed by Messrs. Cook, Taggart, Derstine, and others, after which closing remarks were made by State Sec'y Taggart.

The meetings throughout the convention were entertaining and also very profitable.

[List of delegates we are obliged to omit for want of space.]

A SINGULAR BATTLE

The Punishment Four Squaw Sisters Meted Out to a Young Buck.

[Popular River (Mont.) Letter.]

Recently there was witnessed near here one of the most singular scenes in India life—the punishment by four Indian girls—the daughters of Polecat—of a young Indian hunter who had assaulted one of their number. The following description is that of an eye witness:

The tribe forms a huge ring, in which the savage who provoked the animosity of the Polecat family is summarily thrust. He looks sullen and dogged. He has a hard fight before him and he knows it; but he is a man of his hands, and he means to wear those girls out if it lies in his muscle and prompt and effectual work. He may strike them anywhere above the breast and kill them if a blow in the neck will do it, but bullets and arrows are ready for him if he strikes foul. The girls, on the other hand, must take off his apron. If they accomplish that, he is disgraced to the uttermost moment of his life, driven from his tribe, left to starve on the prairie and all Indians cautioned against harboring, feeding or associating with him. The injured woman is allowed to have such squaws as she may select to assist her. But, if she chooses too many to effect her purpose, it is a disgrace to her; and so she is careful to select only enough to make the battle nearly equal.

The polecat girls are the belles of the Yanktonias tribe. If a squaw can be pretty, these girls are beautiful; and, by virtue of their attractions and their father's possessions in horses and other satisfactory property, they are the aristocrats of the camp. Perhaps for that reason they ask no help in their present undertaking; and for that reason also, perhaps, their savage sisters giggle and exchange whispers as the four girls step into the ring and approach the waiting buck. All five are in full war paint. Down the hunter's cheeks and along his neck are alternate sepia and green and yellow stripes on a background of brilliant red, while his chest, sides and back are tricked out with rude pictures of guns, bows and horses. The girls have smeared their faces with a coating of red, over which lies another of green striped with yellow. Their hair is unfastened at the back, and the front locks are braided with otter fur. Each wears a skirt and leggings, but their blankets are laid aside, and their muscular brown arms are displayed.

There are no preliminaries. The girls dash at their enemy and attempt to grasp him. If all hands manage to get hold of him, half the battle is accomplished. But he meets them squarely and fairly, planting a cruel blow between the eyes of the girl he had injured, knowing that if she is finished he can compel her to call off the rest. She is the general of the attacking forces and the prime object of attack. Over she goes like a pin-wheel; but she is up again, her face smeared with blood and her eyes swelling. The elder girl has contrived to secure a waist-hold, and locked her hands behind his back. His fists fall upon the upturned face with frightful force; but she keeps her hold. The two other girls are pressing him hard from behind, but his elbows work like battering-rams, and one steps back with her hands pressed tightly to her breast and a look of agony in her eyes. Now he whirls suddenly planting ponderous blows upon the face and head of the girl who on her knees still clings to his waist with a death grip. He fairly raises her from the ground as he spins, but her hold never relaxes.

His earlier victim now dashes at him and is rewarded by a crashing stroke on the mouth. She reels, but recovers and darts again to receive his fist on her neck with a force that whirls her half a dozen paces off and drops her like a log. Not a word is spoken. The thud of his fists, and the heavy breathing of the struggling contestants, are the only sounds. The last rally of the prostrate girls has enabled the rear party to catch the buck, and one has twined her arms around his neck, while the other hangs to his wrist. His left hand is still free, and it fairly twinkles in the air as he batters the maiden at his waist. Her grasp is like iron, but her head reels and sways as his heavy hand falls on it with a noise that reaches the farthest side of the irregular ring. Her eyes are closed and her breath comes convulsively. Were the fourth girl there to grasp that arm, the fight would soon end.

The girl behind is choking him, and he employs new tactics. Grasping the kneeling girl by the throat, he pounds the face of the one behind him with the back of his head. No vanity prompts her to let him go. She tightens her grip and buries her face in the back of his neck. The fourth girl is up, staggering and dazed. Brushing the blood from her eyes with an angry motion. She approaches him, crouching as she moves. If the blow he has in store for her reaches the mark he will have another chance—for the girl at his waist is growing faint, and he can easily dispose of the other two. She comes at him like a congar. The blow is delivered full upon her breast; but she grasps his wrist and writhes up his arm

Now he is beset with danger. The two on his arms and the one at his waist pulls him forward; the girl behind him still strangling him, throws her weight on his back. In vain he attempts to straighten. The kneeling girl bends in her dispairing struggles until her hair hangs on the ground. The other three show the muscles rigid in their arms as they press him down upon their kneeling sister. Suddenly he sprang backward with a marvellous effort of strength. The faint girl at his waist finds her hands torn apart. But triumph was his defeat. With a crash he comes to the ground, three girls upon him. One plants herself upon his face, and the other two kneel upon his arms. There is a struggle, and then the youngest rises with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by a low moan as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle, and by a grunt of satisfaction as the Polecat recognizes the victory of his girls.

Tomorrow, somewhere up the river, that disgraced buck will be found with a bullet in his brain. Down in Chief Polecat's lodge four bruised and weary girls are mending each other's wounds with assiduous solicitude, and at the outer edge of the camp a bent old woman looks wistfully away to the north, where the shadows have swallowed up the form of the disgraced warrior.

DOCTORS DISAGREE

As a reporter of the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* sat (yesterday afternoon) in a chamber at No. 321 Federal street, Allegheny, listening to a terrible tale of suffering as it fell from the lips of a gentle little lady, Mrs. Milo Ingram, the daughter of Capt. Hugh McKelvy, of this city, it seemed almost to much to believe, if the evidence had not been close at hand to substantiate every word. It was but another evidence of the culpable ignorance of a large class of practitioners of medicine who claimed for six years that her terrible disease was cancer. She was covered with ulcers, given up to die. Peruna cured her perfectly. Continued on page 24, in "Ills of Life," by Dr. Hartman. Ask your druggist for one.

Hop Bitters.

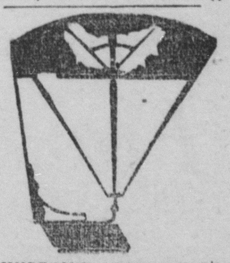
Are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and hope," and no person or family should be without it. (8)



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In successful operation for more than a quarter of a century, has attained a reputation for well finished and serviceable work, of which but few can boast,

BUGGIES,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING-WAGONS,
&c., kept constantly on hand.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice. The wood work of Bodies, Gearing and Wheels made and sold separately.

SHOP, COUNTY & STATE rights of

PATENT BOW ToP

for Carriages, for sale.

For further particulars, address

LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall
15dectf. Centre Co.,

HERE IT IS!
IT HAS COME!!

LET ALL THE PEOPLE REJOICE!

A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter GOODs, at Wolf's Store.

Equal to Any in the County.
And far Superior to Most any other Stock.

Fine Dress Goods, latest styles—unrivaled for beauty,

Ladies only call and see it!

CLOTHING—Overcoats and suits for Men and Boys.

Hats, Notions, boots and shoes, all styles and every Variety. The PUREST and best GROCERIES, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, none but the best quality and best flavor.

Come and See!

Beats all for Bargains!

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

AT WANAMAKER'S

Visitors to Philadelphia are invited to visit the store, whether to see or to buy. Your parcels are checked; a waiting-room is provided, where you may rest with ladies and children; guides conduct you through the house, or you wander at will; there are many things of interest to see, and a welcome.

For two years, perhaps, we have had the richest, largest, most varied and most exhaustive collection of dress-goods in Philadelphia. Before that, we may have had the largest, and even the most exhaustive, but perhaps not the richest. The slowest trade to come to a new merchant is the trade of luxury. It is the slowest to change from one to another. But it does change.

We may say our dress-goods of all sorts are at about their highest now.

Second and third circles, south east from center.

Silks of all sorts have come; and never were silks more acceptable. And these words have a meaning here beyond any they could have elsewhere; because of the greater variety of wants that look to us for supply. We must have all accepted styles, and all the approved qualities of those styles; and, as to colors, can you think of one that we can do without?

A store that has only one class of trade can get along with comparatively few silks. Which stock would you rather buy out of?

Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Two damask towels at 15 and 18 cents may serve to show what we gain by buying of the makers. The very same towels are in the wholesale trade in New York at about 21 and 22 cents, which means at least 25 cents at retail.

We are not going to say that all our retail prices are below New York wholesale; nothing of the sort. "More than one swallow to make a summer." But where such towels are to be got for 15 cents is a good place to look for bed and table-linen, and all the other linens. That's what we mean exactly; it's true, too.

Outer circle, City hall square entrance.

A very wide and surprisingly good navy-blue twilled flannel for 50 cents; 45-inch.

Do you remember a 35-cent flannel for 25 cents, of which we had 18,000 yards last fall? Afterward we got 7,000 yards more of it; and a little of it is left yet. That is 23-inch. This wide flannel is fully as good as that.

Third circle, southeast from center.

All of the warmer sorts of underwear are ready; for men, women and children; thick-cotton, merino, wool, and silk. All the sorts needed for all sorts of people with all sorts of notions; and, for people who want it, there is quite a little wit about underwear to be picked up at the counter. Where else would you look for it? Not in books surely; for goods are changing all the time; and so get ahead of books.

West of Arcade, 1313 Chestnut; west counter.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper accessible by horse cars from every where

FOR SAMPLES OF DRY GOODS
Send to a House Dealing
EXCLUSIVELY IN DRY GOODS,
And thereby secure the advantages offered by the concentration upon one single branch of business of all our vast facilities.
The present season we are showing a stock Aggregating fully
A Million and Quarter Dollars
In Silks, Dress Goods, Cloths, Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel, Housefurnishing Goods, Upholstering Materials, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, &c., &c. &c.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
Eighth and Market Streets.
PHILADELPHIA.

HEAR ALL YE PEOPLE!

NEWS FOR ALL!

At the PENNS VALLEY BARGAIN STORE, there is now an Unusually large line of Winter Goods, Shawls, a large and magnificent assortment. Cloths, Flannels, Ladies Coats, all styles. Clothing for men and boys. Overcoats all sizes and prices. Gumboots, Winter Hats and Caps.

In Dry Goods we are determined not to be undersold, and have an exceedingly large stock, comprising everything in the line that the name implies. Dress Goods in every new shape out, Muslins, Calicos, Linens, House

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Nov. 23, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

GOODS COMING—In Car Loads Of Boxes, Barrels and Express Packages.

GOODS GOING—In Baskets and Bundles of Every Description.

SIX CLERKS BUSY—Waiting on Customers. Come and See Why this is Thus.

G. R. Spigelmeyer & Co.—Whitmer & Co. Spring Mills, Pa.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Williamsport has the diphtheria. The disease has disappeared in the neighborhood of Centre Hall.

—Dr. Wilson, father-in-law of Gov. Curtin, celebrated his 90 birthday a short time ago.

—Up in Manitoba winter has set in. Red river is frozen and there is good sleighing.

—Friday morning last the ground was white with snow in these parts.

—H. Webb, near Pine Grove Mills, will sell his personal property, Dec. 7.

—Call at Dinges for a good warm overcoat—a large stock now on hand—and offered lower than elsewhere in this section.

—The Millhall farnace has shut down for want of stock.

—The office of the Bush house is being laid with a handsome tile floor.

—Mr. Bush is putting up a new brick building on the vacant lot above the arcade. It is intended for store-rooms.

—Haag's store room at Pleasant Gap is to be occupied at last by Wm. H. Noll, Jr. & Bro., who will open a general store in the room.

—Anything in the line of boots and shoes, purchased of Doll & Mingle, in the Brockerhoff house block, is warranted to be genuine goods, and made good if not found so.

—The first passenger train on the new Pine Creek Railroad, which is to extend from Williamsport to a point near Wellsboro, was run last Tuesday.

—Lock Haven is to have a new rolling mill, in spite of Pattison's election.

Reliable help for the weak, nervous, debilitated dyspeptic sufferer found in Brown's Iron Bitters.

—A musical convention, Providence permitting, will be held in St. Peter's Reformed church, at Rebersburg, beginning on the evening of the 28th December. It will be conducted by Prof. John Weaver, of Pine Grove.

—On Monday Geo. Reeser, of Milesburg, was brought to Bellefonte, for a hearing, on a charge of having burned the soap factory in above place. We trust George will prove himself innocent of the charge.

—Special court this week for the trial of civil cases. Judge Watson, of Bucks county, presides with associates Runkle and Larimer. If Judge Watson is as heavy in law as he is in flesh, there would be enough of him to make a supreme court himself.

—We again have assurance from a source that may be considered reliable, that the work on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run railroad is to go on at once and to be completed this winter, around to Lemont, via State College, and theu to be followed by completing the road from Spring Mills to Lemont. The former under the auspices of a company separate from the Penn'a R. R., and the latter, of course, by the Penn'a railroad company.

—A special lot of ladies' dress goods for sale at Dinges—very handsome and latest styles. Call and see them, ladies.

—Curtin's official majority in this district is 5,227—this is a rouser and the Governor can feel proud of the indorsement.

Senator Wallace has 3,282 majority, which is also a fine compliment. The people always appreciate good men.

—A suddan death occurred near Swengle station, Union county, a few days ago. Capt. Yarger, who had retired to bed on the night of 14th in his usual health, was found dead in bed next morning.

— Rev. D. W. Leitzell, for the last ten years pastor of the Licking Lutheran charge, in Clarion county, resigned lately, and now resides in Brookville, Pa., where he accepted a call. Mr. Leitzell is a native of Aaronsburg, and a son-in-law of Judge Love, dec'd, and has risen to prominence in the Lutheran church. His long service in the Licking charge speaks of his success as a minister, and we know he will prove equally successful in his new field.

—New stock in boots and shoes received right along, all the time, by Powers & Son, headquarters for cheap goods in their line. Call and see them and if you are not treated right then tell us we said what is not founded on facts. We have tried them and know whereof we speak.

—So much ready-made clothing is constantly received at the Philad. Branch that one would think Lewins has the supplying of all the world and Centre county with ready made clothing. Lewins has built up a monstrous trade, and all through honest dealing—by selling cheap and good garments. If you want any clothing don't fail to call at the Philad. Branch, else you will be sorry for it.

—A new style of scoundrel has been traveling through the eastern part of the state, stopping at the best hotels and taking his departure during the night with all the bed clothes he could lay his hands on. If this kind of scoundrel tried his game on such landlords as try to swindle wash-women, printers and others out of honest bills it would only be fit for tat.

—On the morning of 18 ult., the Luth. church at Mt. Jackson, Va., Rev. J. S. Moser, pastor, was almost wholly consumed by fire. The fire originated from an adjoining building. Rev. Moser is a native of Pine Grove Mills, this county.

—If you want to purchase anything, at about cost, in the line of dress goods, ready-made clothing, notions, hats, caps, boots, shoes, glassware, canned fruits, now is the time to do it at Brockerhoff's store where they are still offering goods low to close out stock.

— When we observe the vast amount of sugar, coffee, teas, cheese, cured meats, dried and canned fruits, and other table groceries that are constantly being carried off by house keepers from Sechler's grocery, a faint idea can be formed what it requires to satisfy the stomachs of the 15 hundred million inhabitants of the globe. The quantity is beyond comprehension. Yet all this food requires system in preparing, handling, etc., so as to put it in easy reach of the millions who would suffer were there a disarragement of the vast machinery called into play to successfully cater to the dearest wants of mankind, and in this regard Sechler & Co. are an important spoke in the wheel that drives this great machinery, so far as interests Centre and adjoining counties. We advise an inspection of their establishment. They gladly show you around, whether wanting to purchase or not—in the Bush house block.

—The collector of State and County taxes, for the year 1882, of Potter twp., ha left a copy of said duplicate at the Penn's Valley Bank where all such as choose to call will be accommodated during banking hours. ELLIS B. HOSTERMAN, Collector.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

On last Fridry a son of David Yocum, of near Hublersburg, met with a terrible death. The boy was on his way home from near the ore banks, riding a harnessed horse. Passing along a brushy part of the road, the horse scared from the lashing of the brush and ran off. The boy slipped from the horse, and unfortunately his foot caught in one of the trace chains, he was thus dragged, head on the ground, about a mile, the horse kicking and running at his utmost speed. After the horse ran a short distance he passed near Mr. Gramley who heard the screams of the boy, "For God's sake, stop the horse." But it was impossible for Mr. Gramley to come to his rescue soon enough. Others in corn fields along the road witnessed the terrible scene, but none could get out soon enough to arrest the horse, which ran home, the boy however was already dead, and with face and head fearfully battered. He was interred on Sunday following. Can any one picture a more shocking death. The boy's arm was broken and there were heavy bruises on his neck and breast; a part of one boot and a leg of his overalls were all of his clothing that remain on his body. The boy's age was some 16 years.

When Hon. Hiester Clymer was defeated for Governor of Pennsylvania, Dr. J. H. Scheetz, of Pottstown, made a sworn vow that he would buy no tobacco of any kind until the Democrats would succeed in seating a man at Harrisburg of their own choice. The doctor kept his promise well, but Wednesday, when it became known that Pattison was beyond all doubts elected Governor, he proceeded to a tobacco store, where he purchased chewing tobacco by the wholesale, the greater part of which he distributed among his numerous friends that evening. Such resolves have been made by people before, but it is seldom they are kept for as many years as by the doctor. During all that time he has never been guilty of begging a chew of tobacco.

—All kinds of ready-made clothing at the Pennsvalley bargain store, sold at a bargain. Suits for men and boys.

—George Bower, of Haines, gave us a call on Monday.

—Mercury down to 17 on Tuesday morning—weather clear.

—Boots and shoes for the farmer, the day laborer, lumbermen, preacher, doctor, lawyer, women, girls and boys, at Doll & Mingle's, of every style and price, and an assortment equal to all the rest in the county.

—It has been decided to hold a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, in Harburg, beginning December 12. Four to five hundred delegates are expected.

—Pure sugars, coffees, teas, spices, salt, glass and stoneware, fine confectioneries, etc., at Dinges' bargain store.

—Meeting of Centre Co. Pomona Grange at Centre Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28 and 29.

—It is not generally known that it is the practice of the Penn'a Railroad company to test its locomotive boilers once a month, and that this test is one of the most carefully performed of all the service rendered under the strict discipline of that corporation in the management of its vast machinery. The standard fixed for this test is 235 pounds to the square inch, and the machinery is of the most improved character.

—Still chances for purchasing all kinds of first class store goods, at about cost, at Brocherhoff's store, Centre Hall. Selling off to close up business. Best chance ever offered for bargains. Produce of all kinds wanted and highest prices allowed for same.

—Highest price paid for country produce, at E. Brown, Jr. & Co's new grocery, Bellefonte. 2t

On Tuesday of last week the Clearfield county democrats had an ox roast.

The glassworks at Bellefonte average 150 boxes daily.

There are fears of a war between Austria and Russia.

—E Brown Jr. & Co. have opened the finest grocery in Bellefonte.

....There are several cases of scarlet fever in this place.

—Read Bunnell & Aikin's adv. of Christmas goods.

....Overcoats entirely sold out. New lot to-day—new styles, at Dinges' bargain store.

Vanderbilt has purchased 30,000 acres of coal lands in Clearfield and will build a railroad there to.

—John Harden, said to be the oldest man in Cumberland county, and probably the oldest man in the Valley, died at Big Spring recently. Papers in his possession verify his claim that he was 120 years old.

—Michael Johnson, the young man who was in jail at Clearfield for complicity in the killing of a young girl at Wallaceton by attempting to conceal his illegal act, and who broke jail with Monkey Taylor and others in July, was captured in Michigan and shortly after died of malarial fever. His remains were brought to Clearfield last week.

....Mr. Jacob Neece and Mr. Stover, of Far. Mills, called upon the REPORTER.

—The cheapest grocery is E. Brown, Jr. & Co's, Bellefonte, just opened.

The wooing of Mollie Spurgeon by Albert Eggleston at Warsaw, Miss, made favorable progress until the girl learned that her lover was a forger, and then she dismissed him. But he had no intention of giving her up. Finding her alone in the house, he placed a cocked revolver at her head, and, under a threat of instant death, made her go to a boat, in which he started with her down the Mississippi. He said that he meant to keep her a prisoner on the loneliest island he could find until she consented to marry him. But her friends went in her pursuit so promptly that she was soon rescued.

....A subscriber who is annoyed by borrowers of the REPORTER complains. The REPORTER is a good paper, and that is why all wish to read it. If such as are unable to pay for it will report, we will send it a spell free. Such as are able and borrow had far better subscribe for two copies, one for the themselves and one for their poorer neighbor. We want all to read it.

—Now is the time to get your overcoat, and you can buy one at the Philad. Branch, 25 per cent cheaper than elsewhere.

—Wm. Weimer, of Lewistown, a fireman on one of the freight trains of the Sunbury and Lewistown R. R., was accidentally shot while out gunning. He was in a thicket using a turkey call, and was answered by another man, who seeing the bushes move, fired his rifle into them, and the ball struck Weimer and passed through one of his lungs. He lay in a precarious condition until 12 when he died.

DEFIED.

A Reverend man of wide repute,
Who lives within this State,
Writes from Wattsburg, in terms that suit,
Of what he saw of late:
His daughter's eyes were sorely tried,
The doctors could not save,
And after all had been defied,
Peruna quick cure gave.

—Neckties, collars, cuffs, hats, collar and cuff buttons, men's underwear, all styles and very low in price at the Philad. Branch.

A $20,000 BIBLICAL REWARD

The publishers of "Rutledge's Monthly" offer twelve valuable rewards in their Monthly for December, among which is the following:

We will give $20 00 in gold to the person telling us how many verses there are in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision) by December 10, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner December 15, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send twenty cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the "Christmas Monthly," in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and correct answer will be published. This may be worth $20 00 to you; cut it out. Address RUTLEDGE Publishing Company, Easton, Penn.

NINETY YEARS OLD.

Sketch of the Venerable Dr. Wilson, of Bellefonte, the Father-in-law Governor Curtin.

The Bellefonte *News* says that on Friday the venerable Dr. William I. Wilson, of that place, reached his ninetieth birthday. The event was not observed by his friends in any other way than by a quiet tea-drinking at his residence on Thursday evening previous, at which a few of his relatives were present, and the events of former days were recounted with that zest which always inspires those who participate in such gatherings.

Dr. William Wilson is a son of Hugh Wilson, of Buffalo twp., and a grandson of Thomas Wilson, who came from the Irish settlement in Northampton county to Buffalo valley.

The doctor was born November 10, 1793, read medicine with Dr. James Dougal, sr., and came to Centre county in 1818, locating at Earleystown, Potter township, which was then a village of importance in this county with a fair chance of becoming the county seat. It now consists of only two or three houses. He married Mary E., granddaughter of General James Potter. After living at Earleystown many years, he removed to Potter's Bank, where his home was known as the seat of a profuse and elegant hospitality. His practice was very extensive, extending into Brush Valley and into Kishacoquillas, Mifflin county. H performed most of his journeys on horseback, and was for more than forty years actively engaged in practice. During the years in which he engaged in active medical practice a large number of students read the mysteries of the healing science with him and became prominent physicians. He has not practiced to any considerable extent for the last twenty years. Though his health of late has been much impaired, he was able to vote at the last election. Three of his daughters reside with him at his home in this place. Another daguhter, Catharine, is the wife Hon. A. G. Curtin. Surrounded by such loving relatives and friends, his declining years will be filled with the peace which an upright life merits.

FIRE IN HUNTINGDON.

Altoona, Nov. 15.—The car and car wheel works located at Huntingdon, and operated by Blair Brothers, were almost totally destroyed by fire at 7 o'clock this evening The fire originated in the paint shop. The flame from a hand lamp ignited a barrel of lampblack and benzene. Fred'k Cleal, the foreman, was seriously burned by the sudden flame, but not mortally. The shops containd 35 or 40 narrow guage box cars all of which were burned. Four hundred men are employed at the works and two-thirds of them will be thrown out of work temporarily. The loss is not yet known but is fully covered by insurance to the extent of $75,100. The works will be rebuilt immediately and it is expected they will be running with the full compliment of men within two weeks.

AN OX ROAST,

The Democrats of White Deer Valley, Union county, will celebrate the recent grand victories in this and other states by a grand jollificatton meeting and ox roast at Allenwood, on Friday, Nov. 24. Hons. A. G. Curtin, A. H. Dill, R. P. Allen, W. U. Hensel, Esq., and others will be present and address the meeting. Four bands of music have been invited. General invitation is extended to the Democracy of neighboring towns and counties to attend and participate in the festivities. Excursion tickets will be issued by the Philadelphia and Reading road from Williamsport and other points.

NINE CHILDREN BURNED.

Paris, Nov. 17.—A fire occurred to-day in a school house near Guimper. Nine children were burned to death.

NOV. COURT.

Grand Jurors: Bellefonte, D Garman, E Tyson.....Benner—J Armagast.....Boggs—J C Wagner, W T Neff.....College—J Bottorf, D Etters.....Haines—C Bower H Behm, G B Stover, L D Kurtz .....Huston—M Alexander.....Miles—W Kramer, J C Morris.....Milesburg—C K Essington.....Patton— W Edminson.... Potter— W Goheen, U D Osman..... Rush—B Coyler.....Snow Shoe—S Silknitter .... Spring—D Lutz .....Walker—J M Alter..... Worth—C Reese, J Y Williams.

TRAVERSE JURORS—1st Week.

Benner—A W M'Intyre, W Bartley, P M Smith.....Patton—J Reed.....Millheim B Deininger, J H Kramer.....Halfmoon— J H Lever, S Sellers.....Gregg—B Ripka, G A Kunk, W B Bitner.....Milesburg— H Hahn.....Curtin—J I Lucas, C Hevley..... Boggs—T Irvin .....Union—A B Hall.....Spring—L D Shreckengast, Wm Miller, Jas Rote, J Wetzel ..... Walker—J Miller, S Shower, J Decker.....College— T Williams, E Peters, W Everhart.... Bellefonte—W E Burchfield, R F Garman, W S Galbraith, W H Derstine.... Philipsburg—H O Hoffer.....Liberty—S Stover.....Unionville—B F Leathers ..... Marion—I C Johnson, J Lee.....Miles— J Gramley.

TRAVERSE JURORS—2nd Week.

Liberty—S Glosner, W Bitner, W H Gardner.....Walker—M L Beck, J S Swartz.....Halfmoon—J A Eves .....Benner—A Felty, B Glenn.....Union—D H Hall.....Harris—C Durst, A Hartsock, M Hess.....Miles—B Beck, D Bartges..... Worth—G Kelly..... Curtin—J D Brickley .....Boggs—D Poorman, E Confer, J Reside.....Snow Shoe—T Weaver, E Shope, N A Jacobs.....Spring — H Griffith, R Larimer.....Philipsburg — G Goldman ....Bellefonte—M Armor, J K M'Farlane, J Klinger, G S Dare, H Brockerhoff.....Penn—H T Zerby..... Ferguson—J Weaver, C B Hess .....Potter—D Evans, S M'Clellan, L Rhone, H P Sankey, P Breon, W Ishler, jr.....Huston —A B Myers .. Talor—G Miller, J Wert .....Howard tp—J W Adams.....Gregg— S Harter .....College—M Grove, C Dale .....Howard boro—S Candy.... Rush—T Asky.

TRAVERSE JURORS—3rd Week.

Walker—A Decker, W W Rupert..... Marion—J J Hoy.....Miles—H Meyer..... College—C H Evy..... Ferguson—H Gardner.....Spring—J H Roush, J B Royer, C C Taylor .....Bellefonte—U Hoffer, H Walky, F Galbraith, B B Spangler, W I Fleming.....Union—W H Sholl, W Alexander.... Burnside—J B Newcomer .... Gregg—F P Vonada, J B Jamison..... Philipsburg—W Ebaugh.....Harris — H Houtz, J Weber.....Rush—J Hagey..... Huston—J Q Miles, J Craig .....Boggs—J P Fisher.....Liberty—C Bechdel.....Milesburg—W Baird.....Howard boro—G H Wistar.....Unionville—W W Cadwalder .....Snowshoe—A Bechdel.....Millheim— D L Zerby.....Worth—J Thompson..... Potter—W S Flisher, E Kline.. Taylor —H Beck.

TRIAL LIST—FIRST WEEK.

C Freez	vs. S Greninger
D D Royer	.. Jonathan Kramer
Jos E Mitchell	.. George Lander
Millheim Banking Company	.. James C Cross
Daniel Treaster	.. Samuel Treaster
H D VanFelt	.. B F Leathers & Son
Urish Straw	.. J T Fowler
E P M'Cormick	.. D H Parker
Chas Van Gorden	.. Penn'a R R Co
W J Urben use of	.. Jos K Weber
D H Hastings	.. Geo M Fetzer

TRIAL LIST—SECOND WEEK.

J Shopes Exrs et at vs. C Shope et al	
J G Sankey trustee	.. Sarah A Neff et al
R Mulholland	.. Geo R Bonk
Wm McClelland jr	.. L W Munson
Catharine Hoffman	.. Henry Bryan
Belle W & S M'fg Company	.. J C Moiz
Ario Pardee et al	.. G C Moyer et al
Thos Merryman	.. J T Fowler
R M Magee	.. C M Bower et al
W J Thompson	.. Catherine Durst
H W Hoover	.. Jacob A Crider
The Hayden Co	.. W P Duncan & Co
G A Benson & Co	.. J Thompson (with clause)
Aaron Durst	.. J Runkle
G H Strohecker use of vs. And. Immel	
Harvey Barlet	vs. Benner twp Poor Dist

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The 30 inst, being set apart as Thanksgiving day, will be observed as heretofore with appropriate religious service. These services are held in the Reformed church of this place at 10 a. m., the sermon will be preached by Rev. W. K. Foster. On the same day in the evening the Missionary Aid Society, of the Reformed church, will celebrate its first anniversary. Rev. J. F DeLong, of Bellefonte, will preach on this occasion. The public are hearti ly invited.

POWDER EXPLOSION.

Windsor Mills, Que., Nov. 8.—The mills in connection with the powder company were blown up to-day. One man named John Randall was killed. The mill where the powder was grained and polished exploded first and the concussion caused by this exploded the mill containing the press and cylinders, which was eight feet distant. Both buildings were completely destroyed. More than six tons of powder exploded. Ten acres of ground being covered with the debris. Randall was the only man in the building at the time, and he was blown to pieces. The rest of the workmen were at dinner.

30 INVALIDS BURNED TO DEATH. ASYLUM ON FIRE.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 7.—Fire broke out at twelve o'clock to-night in the eastern end of the Provincial Poor Asylum, an immense six story brick structure in the southeastern suburbs of this city, containing about four hundred persons, and at half past one a. m. over half of the building was a mass of flames. The fire originated in the bakery, where there were 21 cords of wood stored.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against selling my wife, Sadie E. Emerick, any goods or articles whatever, on my account, she having left me without cause of mine, I will pay no debts of her contracting.

23nov3t H. D. EMERICK, Potter Twp.

CHRISTMAS!!

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS, TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.

1000 DOLLS { BISK, WAX, PATENT, CHINA, GUM.

Tea Sets. China and Japan Vases, Mugs, and fancy Wares, Cups and Saucers. Moustache Cups, OIL PAINTINGS and CHROMOS.

An immense stock of JEWELRY at Bottom Prices.

100 Accordions from 75 cts up,

100 Violins, from 75 cts up.

Harmonicas, Jewsharps and all kinds of small insrtuments.

Call and see our stock for the Holidays.

23 Nov. 2m. BUNNEL & AIKEN. Bellefonte.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias levari facias and venditioni exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, and to me directed, there will be exposed at public sale in the Court House, in Bellefonte, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, A. D., 1882, and at 1.30 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate of the defendants, to wit:

No. 1.

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situated in the town of Bagleville known as lot No. 10. Bounded on the north by an alley, on the east by a public road, on the south by a public road, and on the west by lot of Wm. Corter, fronting on side road fifty feet and extending back one hundred and eighty feet. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and other out buildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jas. J. DeLong.

No. 2

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Benner township, Centre county and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post thence by lands of Charles Whitmer thirty and a quarter degrees west, one hundred and two and one-tenths perches to a post; thence north 59° east, 81 3-10 perches to a post; thence north 30½° west, 161 8-10 perches to a stone heap, thence by land late of Henry Vandyke south 50° west, 102 perches to stones by white oak; thence by lands late of Henry Brockerhoff, south 30½° east, 207 6-10 perches to a post; thence south 30½° east, sixty and seven-tenths perches to a post; thence by lands of T. R. Reynolds, north 85½° east, 57 3-10 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 159 acres and 100 perches. Being the same premises which L. W. Munson, Esq., High Sheriff of Centre County, seized, took in execution and sold as the property of James C. Williams terre tenant and by Deed Patent, dated the 28th day of November, 1876, and duly acknowledged in open court, granted and conveyed to the said Felix Mullen. Thereon erected two dwelling houses, bank barn, wagon shed, corn crib, pig stable, and other out buildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Andrew Brockerhoff, Administrator *de bonis* of &c. of Felix Mullen, dec'd.

No. 3.

All those two certain messuages, tenement and lot of land situated in the Borough of Bellefonte, county of Centre; bounded and described as follows, to wit: One thereof bounded on the north of Howard St., on the east by lot of Robert Brannon, on the south by Pike alley and on the west by Jane Brown, being —— feet in front on Howard street and extending back 200 feet.

The other thereof, bounded on the north by Howard street, on the east by lot of John Morgan, on the south by Pike alley and on the west by the above described lot of the said Robert Brannon being formerly owned by Richard Morgan—being fifty feet front on Howard street and extending back 200 feet to Pike alley, being the same premises conveyed by Robert Brannon et. ux. to the said James T Hale by deed dated Sept. 28, A. D., 1875. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John G. Love, Adm'r. No. 4

All that messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in the township of Benner in the county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania. Bounded and described as follows, to wit: Bounded by lands of G. A. Fairlamb on the north, east and south, on the west by lands of Centre Furnace and Lowrys. Containing 10 acres more or less. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Barbara Holderman and John Holderman her husband.

Terms cash, no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full. T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., October 31st, 1882.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

LEAPING INTO FIRE.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 18.—William H. Cunningham, a workman at the Birmingham Rolling Mills, this morning left his work, walked over to the Alice blast furnace, ascended to the mouth of the stack and awaited the moment for charging. When the bell was raised he threw off his hat and leaped head foremost into the furnace. The deceased was forty years old and leaves a wife and three children. He formerly lived in Kentucky. He had been low spirited for several days.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Raub, Ind., Nov. 15.—This morning a well-to-do farmer named Jasper Spaulding, living three miles from this place, first knocked senseless his little son and wife with a whiffletree, and then cut their throats with a razor, after which he cut his own throat with the same weapon. His mother-in-law on visiting Spaulding's residence discovered the whole family lying dead on the floor of the kitchen. The cause was insanity.

MARKETS.

Philad., Nov. 21.—Flour, Minnesota extra $5 50@6.25; Penn'a family $4.75@5.00.

Wheat, No. 2 red 1 06; corn 83; oats 47.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, 75, 90, and 1.00.
Rye 70c
Corn, shelled 80, and ears new 60
Corn, shelled, 90c.
Oats, 40c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 50c. to 75c
Cloverseed, 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 1,60 to 1 75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter 25c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12½.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 14c
Bacon or side, 14c
Eggs per doz. 20c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble
COAL—Pea, 3.35; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.85.

MARRIED.

On 2, by Z. A. Yearick, at Aaronsburg, Mr. Benjamin F. Stover and Mary Gristwite, both of Haines twp.

On 12 instant, by Rev. W. M. Landis, Adam Brungard to Miss Mary E. Crouse, both of Miles twp.

DIED.

On 3d instant, in Penn twp., Mrs. Martha Kimport, aged 63 years, 4 months and 18 days.

Mrs. Kimport had attacks of an apoplectic character dating back several years, but for the last year past she enjoyed reasonable good health, although her hand was paralized and comparatively useless. On the morning of 2nd inst. after eating her meal she went about doing little turns as usual, when she was suddenly overcome by a peculiar sensation in her throat and breast. Dr. P. T. Musser having been summoned after an examination pronounced her case critical, and on the morning of the day following her prostration, she breathed her last calmly and serenely, and her exit out of this world was but the dawn of a new and beautiful era in her life. Judging from her consistent Christian life and character, "we need not mourn as without hope."

"Cold in the dust the cherished heart may lie,
But that which moved it once can never die.
W. F. S.

VALUABLE BLACKSMITH Stand For Sale.—The undersigned offers his property at Tussyville, at private sale, consisting of a two story HOUSE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, and half an acre of ground. The blacksmith stand is one of the best in the valley.

Terms reasonable and possession given at any time. JONH REITER,
9nov1f Tussyville, Pa.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of James McCormick, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

ISABELLA MCCORMICK,
2nov6t J. O. MCCORMICK, Admr's.

SCHOOL TAX.—Notice is hereby given that the duplicate of Potter school district is in the hands of the undersigned for the ensuing year. On all taxes paid to him before December 1st, there will be a deduction of 5 per cent. Taxes unpaid from said date to January 1, 1883, will be held at face of duplicate, and on all taxes unpaid after latter date, there will be an addition of 5 per cent. I will be at the following places to receive taxes: Tussyville, Tuesday, Nov. 29; at Potters Mills, Friday, 24; at Centre Hill, Saturday, 25; at Centre Hall, Wed, 29; Nov.
26oct6 JAMES A. KELLER, Treasurer.

ESTABLISHED 1846 MUNN & CO PATENTS NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about PATENTS mailed free.

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

-FOR=CASH-

or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

13jul y I. J. Grenoble, Spring Mills, Pa.

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BUTT'S HOUSE. BELLEFONTE, PA. FRANK X LEHAM, Proprietor. Rest brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Beer bottler. Terms reasonable. 29junt

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JAMES A. M'CLAIN, Register.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore. Nov. 28, 1881.
I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.
Jos. MCCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration *de bonis non* upon the estate of Samuel H. Moyer, late of Millheim, Pa., deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. H. REIFSNYDER,
oct26 Adm'r, d. b. n., Millheim, Pa.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Hon. A. J. Rankin and Hon. J. G. Larimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1st of Aug., 1882, to me directed, for holding a General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Nov. next, being the 27th day of November, 1882, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug., in the year of our Lord 1882, and the one hundred and sixth year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE, S eriff

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
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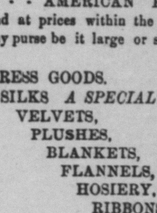

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N. B.—We are sole agents for BALL'S Health Preserving Corset.

Wandering from Home to Home.

When swallows were building in early spring,
And the roses were red in June;
When the great white lilies were fair and sweet,
In the heat of the August noon;
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat,
And the song of the harvest nigh,
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet,
In the joy of a cloudless sky—

Then the swallows were full of glad content
In the hope of their Northern nest;
Were sure that the land they were tarrying in
Of all other lands was the best.
Ah! if they had heard in those blissful days
The Voice they must heed say, "Go,"
They had left their nests with a keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.

But when summer was gone and flowers were dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And they watched the sun setting every day
Further on in the northern sky.
Then the Voice was sweet when it bid them "Go,"
They were eager for southward flight,
And they beat their wings to a new-born hope
When they went at the morning light.

If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
And they brighter and brighter grew,
As they dipped their wings in the glowing heat,
They still to the southward flew;
They found the land of the summer sun,
And where the nightingale sings,
And fully rested 'mid rose and song
Their beautiful weary wings.

Fellows we wander from home to
Of passage at best—
we have dwelt awhile,
built us many a nest.
heart of the Father will touch our
Ears,
speak to us soft and low,
follow the Voice to the better land,
bliss and its beauty know.
—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

CHRISTINA.

BY MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

She was the result of an experiment — a desperate experiment. How desperate it was some of the girls who read the *Companion* no doubt know from experience.

Mother and I lived alone in the dear old homestead, just outside of a drowsy village in Delaware. Old Sanders worked the farm and lived in the tenant house, as he had done for thirty years, but he was getting old and cranky, and threatened every month to leave us. But our great misery—"the messenger of Satan sent to buffet us"—was the "girl" who was not in the kitchen.

With all the neighborhood we depended for servants on the free negroes, who invariably decamped in a body to the fields or the great canning-houses as soon as the peach crop came in.

We tried a wandering woman; she drank. A genteel woman who had seen better days; and she disappeared with my one silk dress.

During the whole spring and summer mother and I worked, cleaned, canned berries, milked and churned, and "tried" a succession of poor creatures who left us with our patience worn to the last thread.

One night mother announced: "I am going to try an experiment. It shall be with a foreigner who cannot speak a word of English, who never heard of 'privileges,' of canning-houses, of the fashions or the beer-shop. I will go to Philadelphia to-morrow, board an emigrant ship and carry off an untamed savage—a woman Friday."

I laughed at it as a joke, and was a good deal startled that night when mother at prayers asked that she "might be successful in her undertaking," adding, after a little pause:

"May the woman I shall bring be of help to us in making our daily life more cheerful and peaceable, and may we help her upward in her way through life."

"Well, mother," I said, doubtfully, as we started up to bed, "I never knew you to ask the Lord before to control the kitchen affairs."

"Some people," she said, gravely, "think it an insult to the Almighty to suppose that He concerns himself about our little worries. Perhaps He has His messengers for such small work in the upper world, just as He has in this. I don't know. But I do know that He does attend to all the things that I ask Him about."

Mother was as simple and direct as a child, even in her religion.

The next day she visited the city, went aboard a Bremen vessel and brought home—Christina. She was about sixteen; fat and round as a churn; with clean skin, blue eyes, a funny little knob of hair atop of her head, a white muslin waist, short gray woollen petticoat and heavy shoes.

"She cannot speak a word of English," said mother, looking half scared. "She is a Norwegian. The agent said she had a terrible history. But her honest face tempted me. I seemed to hear a voice saying: 'Take this one.'"

"She is an escaped convict, no doubt," I said. "That guiding voice of yours, little mother, induced you to bring in Blue Peter out of the almshouse, who set fire to the barn. Well, I'll show her about the supper."

Christina followed me—dumb and watchful—from kitchen to dining-room, while I laid the table, prepared the muffins, fried chicken and made coffee.

She did not offer to touch anything or to help me. But the next morning, when I went down to make ready the breakfast, there was the table laid, and the chicken, muffins and coffee precisely as she had seen them the night before.

She was faithful and imitative as a Chinaman, and she was already a good cook and dairy maid. She learned a few words of English, and with them she showed her gratitude for any simple kindness shown her. We fancied, too, that she took pleasure in the beautiful country about her.

It never looked more beautiful than it did that summer. The great orchards were red with fruit, constant showers kept the forests pure in tint, the wild rose and sweet briar covered every field and roadside.

But the poor Norwegian was wretchedly unhappy. Her unsmiling face and wide sad eyes seemed to carry misery into the barnyard and dairy, and leavened the very bread we ate. When she was safely in her own room I heard her stifled sobs until late in the night.

"One is almost tempted to remember your convict theory," said mother, anxiously, one day.

"It doesn't matter. We'll keep her if she were Lucretia Borgia herself," I said, luxuriously leaning back in the rocking chair on the porch. "The idea of being free from pots, pans and brooms at last!"

We tasted our comfort at leisure; brought out some fancy work and books which we had never hoped to find time to read.

Then came a letter from Julia Webb. It was a thunder clap in our clear sky. Julia was a cousin only by the sheerest courtesy; a beauty; a spoiled heiress; a belle with a dozen lovers. She was coming en route to Newport, to spend a week with us.

"Very likely some of these troublesome men will follow to find how your hermitage suits poor little butterfly me," she wrote. "But you will make them welcome, darling auntie? There is a Count Pasco who is my chief nuisance just now. Such a charming, ridiculous creature! I shall be delighted to give him a peep into an American middle-class interior. And it will be a good opportunity for you and Cousin Martha to have a glimpse of a foreign nobleman. Your gloomy life needs a little cheering."

I tore the letter up, a little viciously, I confess, and mother laughed.

"Never mind, Mattie," she said. "It is true; we are middle-class people."

"It isn't that. But you know, mother, even if potatoes turn out well, we shall not have a dollar over when the year is out. How are we going to meet this high tide of company and fashion and foreign nobility? Julia is quite capable of staying a month if the whim for 'hermitage' life seizes her."

"We can do without our winter dresses," said mother, thoughtfully. "But even with that the table must be very plain."

I wondered secretly if the blessed woman had put this calamity in the care of the angels. Afterward, I believed that she had.

Julia came; so did the lovers; so did Count Pasco.

There was a regiment of them at the village inn, but they took our house by storm all day.

There were charade-parties, picnics, excursions. Julia trailed her magnificent silks or gauzy lawns up and down the wet meadows; she called the old homestead "a charming old rookery;" pointed out the magnificent sweep of hill and valley to the east, with the great glittering plane of the bay beyond, as a "nice little effect;" and told Count Pasco that mother and I were "queer bits of human bric-a-brac."

But she was so pretty, and brilliant, and willful that nobody could be angry with her.

One day I found her in the kitchen with a blue silk wrapper perched on a flour barrel, while Christina, standing before her, poured out a flood of words, sobbing and wringing her hands. Tears, too, had wet Julia's rose-leaf cheeks.

"What is the matter? Can you understand her?" I asked.

"Pretty well. You know I passed a summer in Norway and picked up a good deal of the language. Poor thing! She was brought here by mistake."

"By mistake?"

"Yes. It seems they were frightfully poor—her mother and brother and herself—and she went as nurse with some tradesman's wife to Bremen. When her time of service was out she was sent home, but by some mistake, at night, was put aboard the steamer for Philadelphia instead of for Christiana."

"Why! We ought to send her back again!" I cried, feeling as if I had been concerned in a case of kidnapping.

"No. Better bring her family out here. She says it is so beautiful; so plenty to eat; it is like the Garden of Eden. If her mother and Jan could come, she would have nothing more to ask."

"She might save her money and send for them.

"It costs a good deal. It would take her years to earn so much. Besides, Jan is under bonds to pay a debt of his father's. I don't know how much. One or two thousand dollars. No; she'll have to carry her burden like the rest of us. Where's the count?" and she skipped out of the kitchen humming a song, while Christiana turned hopelessly to her work.

The few stammered words in her own tongue, however, had made the poor girl a slave to Julia. She followed her around from that day, waited on her; told her her story a hundred times.

"I am horribly bored by this unending talk of 'mutter, mutter,' and 'Jan, Jan,' said Julia, stretching her tiny mouth in a yawn.

"It is the only thing she knows," said mother, gently.

"Do keep her away from me to-day, then," impatiently.

"To-day was to be signalized by an oyster-bake on the shore of the bay. The count and four other worshipers were supposed to act as cooks and servitors, but Christina did all the work.

She built the fire of driftwood; cut the bread; made the coffee and baked the oysters, running incessantly to Julia with the biggest, her roast face red as a peony.

It was a gray, gusty day, too gusty for us to use the little sailboat which was drawn up on the beach. This disappointment offered Julia a chance for petty willful pettishness.

"Too provoking! I had set my heart on a sail!" she cried, pouting. "I will wager a rose against a pair of gloves that I have it yet, count!" her eyes suddenly sparkling.

The bet was taken. Half an hour afterward we missed Julia, and the next moment saw her in the cockleshell of a boat drifting out of the little cove, the sail half raised, flapping in the wind. She stood on the bow, her red ribbons fluttering, kissing her hand saucily.

"I have won! I have won the bet!" she cried.

"Put about!" shouted the count. "You are going out to sea!"

We rushed down to the edge of the water, all shouting orders at once. Julia, terrified by the sudden consciousness of her danger, sprang on the bow. A heavy flaw came just then and the boat was capsized instantly.

"Mon Dieu! I cannot swim," cried the count. The other men were in the same case. Two of them, however, threw themselves into the water manfully, but were washed back. A solid body leaped into the surf with a splash! It was Christina divested of shoes, stockings and outer petticoat, striking out boldly for the place where the girl went down.

"Hurrah for old Norje!" cried the count. "She swims like a frog!"

She came back with Julia, a very wet and drabbled butterfly, in her arms.

There was no justice to my mind in the end of the accident. Julia, when dry again, was rosy and pert and charming as ever; but poor Christina had been thrown against the hull of the boat. She was quite badly injured, and was laid up in bed for a month. Mother and I had her work to do, while Julia took wing to Newport.

"Things are strangely ordered in this world," I said, as I laid down a half-read letter from her one day in October, full of her gayeties and successes, and glanced at Christina, beginning to limp heavily about in the kitchen,

"They always come out right," said mother, quietly. "What is that on the other side?"

I turned the letter and read:

"Oh, by the way, I thought I owed 'Old Norje' some reparation for her injuries in my behalf. So I wrote to our consul in Christiana to pay Jan's debt for me, and to send him and his mother out by the next steamer. You told me that old Sanders had finally grumbled himself into his grave. Why not take Jan as farm hand and put him and his mother into the tenant house? I have ordered from New York a few odds and ends to make it comfortable for them. They will arrive in Philadelphia on next Monday."

I could hardly finish; the tears choked me. "I have been very unjust to Julia," I said.

We agreed not to tell Christina, but to surprise her. We had grown very fond of the patient, affectionate creature with her everlasting chatter of "mutter and Jan."

The "odds and ends" proved to be a very complete, though plain, plenishing for a house. Christina helped to clean the house for "the new farmer," and to arrange the pretty furniture.

On Monday mother went up to Philadelphia to meet the steamer. She was to come down in the morning train next day. I watched it pass on to the little station.

A handkerchief waved out of the car window the signal that all was well. I saw from the porch three figures alight on the platform and take their way across the field.

When they had time to reach the tenant house, I said, carelessly:

"Come, Christina. There is something yet to be done for the new farmer."

"I hope," she said, in her pleasant broken English, "he will be goot neighbor. It is nice house. It is as goot as our pastor lives in at home. This is fine country for the poor, Mamzel Martha."

I nodded. I was too excited to speak. When we reached the steps mother came out, her face all in a glow.

"They are inside. They are all we could wish," she whispered eagerly. "One minute, Christina," and she ran to the astonished girl, smoothing her fair hair, retying the gay handkerchief about her neck, while I hurried into the room.

A heavily-built man in the Norwegian dress, with honest blue eyes, stood waiting, and beside him a tall erect old woman, with a peculiarly gentle, kindly countenance. They were both greatly agitated and scarcely noticed me, their eyes being on the door.

It opened. I heard mother say, with a half sob: "Go in, child. God bless you," and Christina came in.

She stood one moment dumb and still, her hands stretched out in amazement. Then came the cry: "O, Mutter! Mutter! O, Jan!"

It was the pent-up love and longing of years forcing its way into speech.

We came out and left them alone together.

Mother and I had prepared a little feast for them; a good substantial supper as foundation, and frosted cakes, flowers and grapes as embellishments.

After awhile we brought them out to it, but they only ate to please us. They were too deeply moved for such little pleasures.

After supper we went into the kitchen and the old mother, looking at the fire upon the hearth that had been kindled for them in a strange land, said a few words in a low voice, and they all sank reverently upon their knees while she prayed.

Mother and I knelt with them. What did it matter that the words were in a strange tongue. We understood her, and the Great Father of us all heard us as we kneeled side by side.

"I think, dear little mother," I said, as we went home that night, "God heard your prayer when you went out to find your savage that day."

"He always hears," she said, quietly.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

The idea of Thanksgiving day, says a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, is as old as the human race. It is a part of natural religion. In connection with the fruits of the earth the thanksgiving festival has been celebrated from the remotest antiquity. We find it in the seventh Idyll of Theocritus, where Simichidas says: "Now, this is our way to the Thalysia; for our friends, in sooth, are making a feast to Demeter (Ceres) of the beautiful robe, offering the first fruits of their abundance. Since, for them, in bounteous measure, the goddess has piled the trashing floor with barley." Plutarch tells of the emperor who, after his return to Rome from a disastrous campaign, concealed the facts and proclaimed a "Thanksgiving," which was duly observed; explaining, when the facts came to be known, that he did not wish to deprive the people of a day of enjoyment. Under the Hebrew dispensation thanksgiving was observed as the Feast of the Tabernacles, or of the Ingathering; earlier in the season there being the festival of first fruits, in connection with which the people were reminded of the giving of the law. The idea of law was also connected with the feast of Demeter or Ceres; and the analogy between the classic and the Hebrew festival is significant and worthy of investigation. But the ancient thanksgiving did not, as some have fancied, skip down over the ages to find an exclusive home in America. In one way or another it was always observed on the continent, as in parts of England, it occurred at Martinmas. Indeed, it was a popular institution in England before it fairly had a foothold in Massachusetts. Butler, who wrote in 1651, gives a better idea of the true state of things in a few lines than could be given by any formal history:

> For Hudibras who thought he 'ad won
> The field as certain as a gun,
> And having routed the whole troop,
> With a victory was cock-a-hoop;
> Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
> Thanksgiving day among the churches.

When we go back to the century before Butler it is found to be filled up with fasts and thanksgivings, especially during the time of Elizabeth, as the publications of the Parker society prove. Under Elizabeth it was expressly ordered that on Thanksgiving days no servile labor should be performed, and severe penalties were attached to the violation of the order. The New England worthies adopted the principle. In 1569 Thanksgiving entered into Rogation day, and it was ordered that thanks should then be offered "for the increase and abundance of His fruits upon the face of the earth." In the seventeenth century the custom was continued; and in the year 1749, when Massachusetts was dumb, Henry speaks, in his published sermon, of the "*Te Deums*, proclamations, forms of prayers and thankgivings, sermons," etc., that abounded. Such, then, was the state of things in England. Indeed, just before the Plymouth colonists came over, the special thanksgivings had been incorporated into the prayer-book; while Copeland's "Virginia's God be thanked," preached before the Virginia company in Bow church, illustrated the tendency of the times, he being followed by Dr. Donne. The early settlers brought with them a traditional respect for days of thanksgiving. Nevertheless false notions on this subject abound, and Thansgiving day is popularly supposed to have been established first at Plymouth, and continued without interruption from the landing until now; while a supplemental theory declares that the so-called originators of the festival intended thereby to suppress Christmas.

In the first place, it must be stated that the earliest service of this kind was held by the Church of England men, the Popham colonists, who, August 9, 1607 (O. S.), landed upon Monhegan, near the Kennebec, and, under the shadow of a high cross, listened to a sermon by Chaplain Seymour, also "gyving God thanks for our happy meetinge and safte aryvall into the contry." Next we pass to Plymouth, where, in 1621, the autumn after the arrival, a notable thanksgiving was held. The brief accounts present a joyous picture. As we learn from Winslow, the harvest being gathered, the governor "sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together," and the traditional turkey was added to the abundant venison. The people gave themselves up to recreation, and the great chief Massasoit was feasted for three days with his ninety swarthy retainers.

Geological examination of the delta of the Mississippi now shows that for a distance of about 300 miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand.

How the Lion Kills His Prey.

I once had a rare chance of seeing a lion catch and kill his prey in the open daylight. While on a short hunt to the north of Waterberg, in the Transvaal, in the winter of 1874, with a Dutch boer, we saddled up one afternoon to shoot a couple of quaggas (Burchell's zebra) for our followers, quagga meat being preferred above all others by the natives of that country. We had ridden a considerable round without falling in with any, but about an hour before sundown we came across a troop of about fifty. Galloping up within shot, we fired, when one mare dropped. Reloading and mounting, we started after the troop, which had now disappeared over a ridge. On gaining the rise we saw the quaggas tailing out in the hollow and commencing to ascend a second slope, one or two stallions bringing up the rear, as is usually the case. Cantering on, my companion suddenly pulled up and pointed out to me a lion trotting swiftly up across the quaggas' line of retreat behind a few scattered boulders and low bushes dotting the slope, evidently with the intention of securing the supper. We moved slowly forward, when the hindmost stallion, thinking we were getting too close, started after his companions at a smart canter. It was now exciting. The quagga was close to the line of the lion's approach; a couple of seconds more and the dark mass of the lion's form shot out from behind a stone on his prey. In a moment the quagga was on the ground. The lion left him instantly, moved a few yards distant and lay down with his head away from the quagga, twitching his tail nervously from side to side, as much as to say: "I have done that properly." The whole thing was done so quickly and suddenly that it is difficult to describe. The lion had not yet seen us, but riding nearer he turned and faced, looking rather put out at our appearing on the scene. At first he seemed inclined to bolt, but at last lay down, facing us, evidently unwilling to give up his game. Being anxious to examine the quagga, and knowing my Boer friend to be reliable, we rode up to about fifty yards and dismounted. I held the horses, keeping my double rifle in reserve in case of accident. The lion, not liking the look of things, got up and walked a few steps toward us, growling savagely. I told the Boer to shoot straight, which he did, hitting the lion with his old six to the pound on the point of the shoulder; the bullet passed out behind the other shoulder, dropped the lion on the spot. On examining the quagga it would appear from the claw mark that the lion's left forearm was thrown over the wither and the claws fixed in the shoulder, the right forearm's claws in the chest, the left hind claw had been driven into the flank a little below the level of the hip-bone, the right hind foot evidently on the ground, thus holding the animal as in a vise, while the teeth had met in the neck about three inches or four inches behind the ears, smashing the bone as effectually as a two-ounce bullet. My two front fingers met in the bite-hole. Death was instantaneous. The lion was a full-grown male with perfect teeth. On a previous occasion a riding mare belonging to a friend of mine was killed near Wonderfontein, Transvaal, one night close to the wagon, while on a blesbok hunt. The mare was hobbled when caught. The claw marks and the bite that killed were identical with those on the quagga. From all testimony that I could gather from old hunters during seventeen years' residence in the Transvaal, and my own limited observation, I would say that the lion uses his claws as a holding power and kills by bite.—*London Field.*

Faith Cures.

At a meeting of Baptist ministers in New York city the Rev. Dr. G. W. Sampson read a paper on miracles and cures by faith. He told a story of a woman who was treated by Dr. Hammond. The woman believed she could be cured by the application of Lourdes water. Dr. Hammond told her he would apply Croton, and if that did not help her he would apply Lourdes. He applied Lourdes, but she, supposing it to be Croton, refused to be cured. Dr. Hammond then tried Croton, and the woman, believing it to be Lourdes, was healed. In its report of the meeting and the subject under discussion, the New York *Times* gives the following:

The Rev. Dr. Charles Rhodes said God was as capable of working miracles at this time as in scriptural times, but He was always chary of them. He related the wonders performed by a certain physicin who once visited New York. The doctor went into the room of a bedridden woman and bade her arise and walk. She did so. The Rev. Dr. D. C. Potter, the moderator, said he knew of a wonderful case. Instead of some one ordering the woman out of the house fire was applied, and the effect was the same. The Rev. J. G. Shrive, of Yonkers, told of a young woman in that city whose sight was restored after putting drops of oil on her eyes and praying. The Rev. Dr. Thomas said miracles were not confined to marvels in healing. A young woman who believed in faith hired a house in Brooklyn at $450 a year, but she had no money to pay the rent. Dr. Thomas saw that the first month's rent was paid, and the young woman tried to induce the agent to have faith for the remainder of his pay. A young woman in New Haven was cured by a doctor in Boston. Dr. Thomas questioned her rather sharply, and her reply made him a little cautious. She said the greatest obstacle to her cure by faith was the ministers. Dr. Sampson spoke of a woman ill with typhoid fever, who was not expected to live. Prayers were sent up for her and she recovered. Dr. Kerfoot, of Baltimore, told of a sick brother who was prayed for and the remark of a person who suggested that it was no wonder he got well when six doctors quit going to see him.

People Who Live on a Steep Hillside.

Lieutenant Healy, of the United States revenue steamer Corwin, visited the habitations of the natives of King's Island, in the Arctic ocean, a curious people, who live upon a precipitous hillside as no other people live. He says:

The house is erected upon poles. The entrance to each is affected through a hole in the front wall, about fourteen inches in diameter. Having clambored through this entrance one finds himself in a room about eight feet square, which is the common living room of each house. From the sides of this room are found several apertures similar to the main one of entrance, which lead to as many sleeping apartments. The appearance presented by these houses is, to say the least, unique, and more strikingly so by reason of their great contrast with those of the usual Indian village, which is always built on low sand spits. The principal means of livelihood of these natives are fishing and walrus and seal hunting. To these people the walrus is the more important animal, inasmuch as from its hide and intestines they obtain the covering for their houses and boats, and the ivory they sell to traders is the most valuable article in demand. The necessities of their position have stimulated such inventions and developed such superior workmanship as to cause their articles of manufacture to be the most greatly prized of any along the coast.

Minneapolis mills will this year cut 293,100,000 feet of lumber, 108,750,000 shingles and 50,600,000 laths.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

OLIVER'S wire mill—the largest of its kind in the country—situated at Pittsburg, Pa., was partially burned, entailing a loss of $100,000, and the cessation from work of 800 men.

THE fourth serious fire which has visited Red Bank, N. J., during the past three years destroyed four acres of the best property in that town before its course could be checked. The total losses to the various firms and the Methodist church reached an aggregate of about $250,000.

THE public schools of Bordsboro, Pa., were ordered closed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever and diphtheria. In one family five children died.

AT a banquet in New York, tendered by leading citizens to Herbert Spencer, the English philosophical writer, on the eve of his departure for England, William M. Evarts presided and addresses were delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, Carl Schurz and others.

FOUR tons of powder exploded at the Keen an lime works, Smith's Basin, N. Y. Dennis Golden and Joseph Cameron, who had charge of the powder house, were blown to fragments, some parts of them being found half a mile distant.

THE palatial summer residence of the well-known artist, Mr. Albert Bierstadt, at Irvington, on the Hudson, known as "Malkasten," has been laid in ruins by fire. So quickly did the flames spread that not more than a score or so of the many valuable oil paintings in the building could be saved; the remainder, together with many other valuable works of art and curiosities, were reduced to ashes. Mr. Bierstadt estimates his total loss at $160,000.

A PARADE at Buffalo, and a banquet in Boston, were the methods by which the jubilant Democrats expressed their satisfaction at the election of Governors Cleveland and Butler, both of whom made addresses.

THE one-mile running race between Myers, American amateur champion, and George, the English champion, took place in New York and was won by the latter.

A TRAIN near Clarksville, Pa., was derailed and the engine, tender, baggage car and two passenger cars were thrown down a gorge thirty feet deep. The engineer was killed and the fireman seriously hurt.

PAINE & SACKETT, Providence, woolen manufacturers, have failed, with liabilities estimated at $300,000.

GEORGE W. BURGESS, who began the manufacture of friction matches at New York in 1831, and was the first to engage in that business in America, died the other day in Norristown, Pa., aged seventy-eight years.

COMPLETED returns from the New Hampshire vote give Hale for governor 88,398, Edgerly 85,360, scattering 933. Hale's plurality over Edgerly is 1,498, and his majority 539. The total vote was 76,237. Last year the total vote for governor was Bell 44,442, Jones 40,813, scattering 919.

South and West.

A FIRE at Neola, Iowa, destroyed ten of the principal business houses.

AUGUST KRUMM, of Baltimore, made despondent by the recent death of his wife, cut his throat with a butcher knife.

THOMAS J. NAVIN, ex-mayor of Adrian, Mich., who escaped some time ago after forging city bonds, has been arrested at El Paso, Texas.

A PASSENGER train collided with a freight train near Quincy, Ill., and many cars were demolished. A fireman, a brakeman and a passenger were badly hurt.

Two colored brothers—Samuel and Milton Hodge—were hanged at Knoxville, Tenn., for murdering their brother-in-law.

A LOUISVILLE (Ky.) dispatch says that Congressman John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, has announced himself as a candidate for speaker of the next House of Representatives and that he expects most of the Western Democratic members will be for him.

FATHER J. B. O'DONOGHUE, pastor of the Catholic church at Morrow, Ohio, died from the effects of a blow from a monkey wrench, received at the hands of Timothy Green, a railroad employe. Green declared the priest had denounced his wife as a thief before the congregation.

RECENT measures to suppress polygamy in Utah have been answered by the Mormons at a meeting of the higher priesthood by their compelling every priest and bishop to marry more than one wife or resign. One monogamist resigned his office; the others obeyed the order or pledged themselves to do so.

SNOW twelve feet deep is reported from the Northwest.

TOTAL number of yellow fever cases at Pensacola, Fla., up to the 11th, 2,823; total number of deaths, 192.

FLAMES destroyed a cabin in Lunnenburg county, Va., occupied by a colored family, every member of which was burned to death.

FIRE at Frankfort, Ky., destroyed the Major Opera house, belonging to the city and containing a portion of the city records, and other property.

A DISPATCH from Santa Ana, Cal., says: "Josiah B. Smith, a fisherman, murdered his fourteen-year-old son by cutting his throat. He and his wife are insane on religious subjects, and claim that the Lord commanded the sacrifice."

THE people of Jackson county, Mo., are lionizing Frank James, the bandit. All ages, sexes and kinds of society are represented among his admirers. The men go, they say, to hear Frank tell of his wonderful exploits, and the women for the purposes of consoling and pledging their influence with the governor to secure a pardon, should he be so unfortunate as to be convicted. When first incarcerated James was given a bare cell, but the sympathizing people made up a purse, and at present the stone floor is covered with a rich Brussels carpet, and the walls are adorned with elaborate paintings. Fresh vases of flowers are sent each morning by some admiring female friends.

COMPLETE returns from Illinois on superintendent of public instruction give Raab (Democrat) 2,893 majority over Stetton (Republican).

AT Ashland, Ky., the coroner's jury inquiring into the cause of the death of Colonel Reppert and others who were killed during the transfer of the murderers Neal and Craft from Catlettsburg to Lexington, rendered a verdict in which they find that the deceased persons were killed by the State militia on the steamer Granite State guarding the prisoners, and that the said firing was not done in the line of duty; and further, the jury holds Major Allen, commander of the troops, culpable for ordering and permitting the fire.

A FIRE at Crockett, Texas, destroyed the court-house, in which were the jail and post-office. All the records were lost and two prisoners—one white man and one colored—were burned to death.

FRIGHTFUL havoc was caused by the explosion of the main boiler in the Forest City iron works, at Cleveland, Ohio. The building was completely wrecked, four men were instantly killed, one or two more received fatal injuries and several others were badly hurt. One man standing 200 yards away from the building was struck by a piece of flying iron and cut completely in two.

From Washington

GENERAL SHERMAN, in his annual report as general of the army, says that the fear of exceeding the limit of 25,000 men, or the difficulty of enlisting men in these prosperous times, has kept the army below what the honor or the necessity of the country demands, and he advises a change of the limit to 30,000. The troops during the transition period on the frontier, he says, have lived in holes in the ground, in houses made of green cottonwood logs, infested by vermin, in temporary shanties, generally without a murmur; but now this battle with poverty is over, or nearly so, and appeals to Congress to confer on the President, the secretary of war, or on a board of general officers, the power to designate the places strategic importance at which to erect suitable permanent buildings for properly quartering the troops. During the year there was a loss to the army by desertion of 3,721 men, and General Sherman advises as a remedy "a more liberal treatment of a good soldier and a more certain punishment of the deserter."

ENGINEER MELVILLE gave to the Jeannette board of inquiry, after Lieutenant Danenhower had concluded his testimoney, a detailed account of the life led on the ill-fated steamer during the time that she was imbedded in the Arctic ice.

CENSUS statistics concerning petroleum manufactures: On May 31, 1880, there were in the United States eighty-six petroleum manufacturing establishments with an invested capital of $27,395,746. The amount of crude oil used during the year was 731,833,127 gallons, and the value of manufactured products $43,705,218.

SECRETARY FOLGER has issued the one hundred and nineteenth call for the redemption of bonds of the five per cent. funded loan of 1881, continued at three and a half per cent. from August 12, 1881.

ENGINEER MELVILLE, in his narrative before the Jeannette board of inquiry, said that in the retreat from the vessel Captain De Long relieved Mr. Collins from duty on account of disobedience of orders.

ANNUAL reports from the several Indian industrial schools have been received. At Hampton, Va., the total attendance during the year was 96, and there are now there 84 pupils—30 girls and 54 boys; at the Forest Grove (Oregon) school there are 91 pupils—54 boys and 37 girls—and at the Carlisle (Pa.) school 188 boys and 102 girls were in attendance at the end of the fiscal year. There were over $5,000 worth of wagons, harness and shoes made by students during the year. The progress of the students in their studies is regarded as highly satisfactory.

Foreign News.

THE governor and secretary of state of Tobasco, Mexico, have been murdered.

FORTY-THREE lives were lost by the explosion in a mine near Derby, England.

ANOTHER cyclone has visited Manila, chief city of the Philippine Islands, doing great damage.

THERE are three French generals in the cabinet formed by the new bey of Tunis, North Africa.

SEVEN or eight thousand persons are to be helped by a committee to emigrate from the poorer districts in Ireland.

AT the annual procession in London in honor of the new lord mayor two American flags were carried.

A RAILROAD accident in Algeria, North Africa, resulted in the death of ten persons and serious injuries to thirty-six others.

A FATHER and his son were driving a wagon filled with gunpowder in Victoria, British Columbia, when the powder exploded, blowing the wagon and six horses to shreds. Both father and son were terribly mangled, having their clothes torn off, their eyes blown out and limbs fractured, and died soon after in great agony.

DURING a speech at the new lord mayor's banquet in London Mr. Gladstone said that a new desire is dawning among the Irish to seek amelioration of law by peaceful efforts, and he thought the foundations of society in Ireland were now in but little danger. He highly praised the conduct of the British forces in Egypt, which he believed would be memorable in history.

THIRTY families, comprising 160 persons, have been evicted from the estate of Isadore Burke, in county Mayo, Ireland.

GENERAL LYNCH, the commander-in-chief of the Chilian forces of occupation in Peru, has levied a fresh tax of $5 on certain sections of the Peruvian tradespeople.

A VICTORIA (British Columbia) dispatch says that the United States revenue cutter Thomas Corwin has arrived there from Alaska. Before leaving there she shelled and burned an Indian village, killing many of the tribe, who held a number of white prisoners.

A DAUGHTER has been born to the king and queen of Spain.

PATRICK DELANEY, a returned convict, was arrested in Dublin on the charge of wanting to assassinate Judge Lawson. Delaney was discovered approaching the judge with a revolver protruding from his pocket.

NATIVES of the Sooloo islands attacked a Spanish fort, but were completely routed with a loss of seventy killed. The Spanish loss was fifteen killed and several wounded.

STANLEY, the explorer, is preparing for another expedition to the Congo river Africa, for the purpose of establishing a solid trade with the native kings.

The Indians of Alaska.

The number of aborigines in Alaska says a correspondent, is variously estimated from 30,000 to 50,000. With regard to those in the interior there is very meager accurate knowledge. The obstacles in the way of a very thorough understanding of the nature of this portion of the American possessions, and the number and character of the natives, are not great, either from the cost of outfitting an exploring party, danger from the natives, or any other terrors incident to such an undertaking. In their handiwork, especially as exhibited by carvings in wood, stone and slate, their ornaments and shapely canoes, they display unlooked-for skill Blanketed natives, with painted or hideously besmeared face, were to be seen. From a condition offensive to the nostrils and this scanty mode of dress, there are various stages of approach to cleanliness and a civilized style of clothing; some, indeed, make a very presentable appearance. Sometimes Indians were observed affectionately fondling their children, and the men often carrying their offspring in their arms with all the apparent pride of their white brethren. The women generally do the trading and bargaining in disposing of furs and in other transactions. When an Indian offers fur for sale, and the price has been arranged between him and the purchaser, his kloochman, or squaw, can veto the transaction, and has to be consulted before the trade becomes final. The Indians are never in a hurry to conclude a bargain, those at a distance often remaining at a trading post for weeks holding out for a most trifling advance on the price offered. They are shrewd traders and the amounts agreed upon for the different kinds of furs seem very high to an uninitiated on-looker. The purchasers would lose money on the goods if they paid coin. The Indian's shrewdness manifests itself only in securing the promise of a high price. They do not want money, but desire articles out of the store. Their ignorance of what this costs the dealer leaves them a prey to the most outrageous imposition from the more intelligent but less honest white trafficker. These Indians are industrious, willingly embracing the opportunities of earning money by working for it. If they are not a doomed race by reason of liquor and contact with depraved whites preventing their reclamation from heathenism, in the coming development of the resources of Alaska they will be a valuable factor as "hewers of wood and drawers of water." They are quick to learn what is required of them.

A Plucky Soldier.

Private Hinkson, a reserve man belonging to the royal Irish brigade attached to the Gordon Highlanders, bayonetted seven men during the charge of Tel-el-Kebir, and was afterward attacked by three Egyptian officers. A bullet was sent through his right cheek and passed out of his neck, but he succeeded in bayoneting two. Before he killed the third another bullet struck him almost in the same place, opening the first wound and following a similar direction.

While lying on the ground he was fired at again by an Arab, but was rescued by two men of the army service corps, with only a slight additional injury to one of his fingers. He suffered from lockjaw for three days, and how he recovered is marvelous. It is thought that he will receive a distinguished conduct medal.—*London Telegraph.*

Ohio produces upward of 25,000,000 pounds of wool, or nearly one-sixth of the whole product of the United States. California follows next with 16,798,036 pounds, and Michigan third with 11,858,497 pounds.

Forgot He Was Married.

A young man who until recently had lived at the house of his father, in Augusta, Me., married a few weeks ago and leased apartments in another part of the city. The other evening, after completing his day's work, he left the office, went up the street, bought his Boston paper, and then climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering its familiar precincts, he marched to the wash-room, made his toilet, and then presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching his operations, eyed him with amazement, and at last his mother softly inquired: "My son, have you procured a divorce thus early in your wedded career?" A pale flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly deepened into cardinal. Then he gasped: "I forgot all about being married." Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, the young man hurried out and walked hastily home, where his young wife was impatiently awaiting his coming.

The Richmond (Va.) *State* writes: Ex-Mayor J. A. Gentry, Manchester, this State, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

When people traveled by diligence in France one traveler in every 335,000 was killed and one in every 30,000 wounded. Now, with railways, one is killed per 5,178,490 and one wounded per 580,450.

We know from experience St. Jacobs Oil will cure rheumatism.—*Peoria (Ill.) Peorian.*

The eldest son of Mr. Rosenthal, the banker of Bucharest, blew out his brains because he thought he had lost $4,000 of his father's. Four days later his mother found the money in the lining of her son's coat.

A Fatal Mistake

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

A WESTERN paper announces that upon the occasion of a recent boiler explosion in the neighborhood, "between three and four men were killed."

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

THE total number of porcelain and pottery factories in Japan is 322, and they give employment to 3,004 persons, of whom 330 are women.

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

OF buckwheat, Pennsylvania produces nearly one-half the entire crop. The total yield will be over 11,000,000 bushels.

MENNEMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing *its entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., prop'rs, N.Y. Sold by druggists

The Frazer Axle Grease

Is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Try no other.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

MOFFETT SWAN'S WORM SYRUP, for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless. 25c.

The successful man has many imitators in his line of